

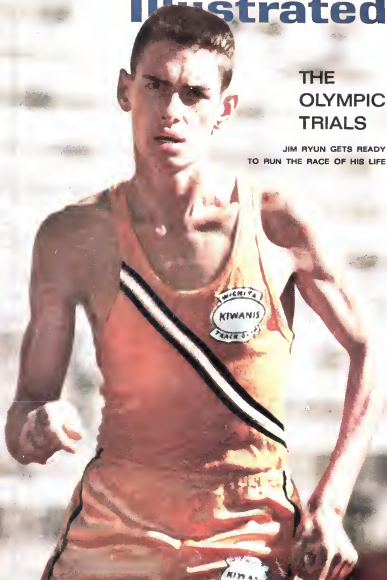
# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 14, 1964

30 CENTS

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# Contents

SEPTEMBER 14, 1964 Volume 21, No. 11

Cover photograph by Rob Clarke

## 18 The High End of a Seesaw

Corleone Mitchell discloses the "little things" that, in combination, made Constellation the America's Cup boat

## 22 Lure of the White Noise

That is what Jack Sayers III hears on his racing bicycle. It may lead him to an Olympic medal

## 26 Hut—Two—Three . . . Ugh!

Ravens rookie George Plington coils his five plays for the Detroit Lions and retires from pro football

## 36 Getting to the Game in Style

In Seattle they oodah the Husky stadium by land, by sea and by air, and they dress appropriately for all

## 46 A Boy with a Man-size Task

Jim Ryan, the 17-year-old who lost Jase broke the four-man rule, near fight for a spot on our Olympic team

## 54 The Hambo Winner Had a Stand-in

Before the race an impostor filled Ayer's stall, but Johnny Sumpson drove the right colt on Hambletonian Day

## 66 Sounds of a Texas Wolf Hunt

The howls of the wolf across the Texas prairie send dedicated men and baying howls off into the night

## The departments

8 Scorecard

45 People

46 Truck

54 Harness Racing

58 Swimming

77 Baseball's Week

78 For the Record

79 19th Hole



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Acknowledgments on page 78

## Next week

FALL ANNUAL: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents its ninth college football special. This will be a season of running backs, and Artur Frank Muller presents a gallery of the best of them. Dan Jenkins reports on new trends and the 11 Best Eleven, then follow scouting reports on most of the others. Edwin Shrike tells of a photographer responsible for those wild pictures of high-jumping halfbacks and mudly diving linemen. John O'Hara provides a distinguished story of an aging All-American. Also in this issue: all of the news reports and regular features.





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# SHOPWALK

Bad-weather coats for sports fans are adapted from practical nautical apparel

Just as improvements in passenger cars have developed from features first incorporated and tested in foreign racing cars, so have some of the new bad-weather fashions been influenced by such practical apparel as a rain jacket worn by fishermen, a slicker worn by sailors and coveralls worn by Grand Prix drivers. The trend was kicked off last season by young women interested in keeping warm and dry at sports events and on other outdoor occasions. They discovered the roomy, hooded rubber-treated parkas that fishermen don on stormy days, and a national spectacle had been born. Thousands of the raglan-sleeved, knee-length parkas were sold in women's sizes of small, extra small and extra extra small. As popular as ever, the plain-looking zip-fronted coat—available only in olive drab—is a staple item at surplus stores and



DOBA

sporting goods shops throughout the country. The coat costs \$5.

For male spectators who wish to stay dry while attending football games on rainy autumn days, Mr. Witt, Inc. of New York has designed a stylish model of the knee-length coat worn by fishermen. The coat, shown above, is made of water-repellent, vinyl-coated nylon twill and has a drawstring hood and a snap-fastened storm flap-front. Stan Witt, a partner in the firm and its designer, wears one himself while cruising in his powerboat on weekends. As a sailor, he believes a proper slicker should have many pockets and be long enough to keep the knees from getting wet. The Sportsman's Slicker, as the coat is called, comes in seven glossy colors—yellow, red, skipper blue, black, white, platinum and whaler

continued

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Corduroy**



# SHOPWALK

green—the coat is designed for men, but the snail shell can accommodate most girls. The slicker is available at Abraham & Strauss in Brooklyn, Dayton Co. in Minneapolis and Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles. It costs \$20.

For warmth under the slicker, a useful garment is an oil-wool sweater—its natural oil gives the sweater its water-shedding qualities. The Fulton Supply Co. of 23 Fulton Street, New York City, carries these. The sweaters are bulky knit, have a loose turtleneck and are available in one color—a blue-gray mixture. They cost \$16.

Another garment for female speculators at blustery outdoor events is the shiny



black vinyl slicker shown above. It is wind-proof, water-repellent and styled with roomy raglan sleeves and a snap-button front. Warmth is furnished by its soft, wool lining of emerald green. Like the coveralls of the racing driver, the neckline features a throat-latch collar that can be buttoned up tight to protect the wearer's neck against blasts of wind. Each of the two large patch pockets has a smaller pocket to cache cigarettes and other small items. Made by Marsh & Mendi, Inc., the slicker also comes in shiny white vinyl with a black-wool lining. The slickers are available at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores at \$30 in the East and slightly more in the West. The snap-fitting helmet of black (or— a plume-coated nylon—is made by Adlon-Realties and costs \$9 at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York City.

The problem of cold hands has been solved by the Gokey Co. of St. Paul, Minn., which has developed a new type of thermal glove. The gloves are made of deerskin lined with the underwear fabric, devised by the U.S. Navy for Arctic personnel. The lining will keep hand heat from dissipating, even in sub-zero grandlands. A pair costs \$1.

—PAUL STEWART AND JULE CAMPBELL

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## POINT OF FACT

A quiz on Grand Prix racing to test memories and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts.

? Besides the U.S. Grand Prix, which takes place at Watkins Glen on Oct. 4, how many other Grand Prix events count toward the world driving championship?

• Ten: the Monaco, Dutch, Belgian, French, British, German, Austrian, Italian, Mexican and South African Grand Prix.

? In what year was the first U.S. Grand Prix held?

• In 1959.

? How was it?

• Bruce McLaren of New Zealand.

? Has any American won the U.S. Grand Prix?

• No. But Dan Gurney in 1961 and Richie Ginther in 1963 finished second.

? Has any driver won the U.S. Grand Prix more than once?

• No.

? Since the start of the U.S. Grand Prix, has any driver won that race and gone on to win the world championship?

• No. The closest was 1962 World Champion Graham Hill of England, who finished second in the U.S. race, 9.2 seconds behind Jimmy Clark of Scotland.

? Is Phil Hill the only American to have won a championship Grand Prix?

• No. Dan Gurney won the French Grand Prix in 1962 and 1964.

? What is the only make of car to have won the U.S. Grand Prix more than once?

• Lotus, built by Colin Chapman, has won the event three times. Lotus'es were driven by Stirling Moss of England in 1960, James Ireland of Scotland in 1961 and Jimmy Clark in 1962.

? What remarkable physical feat was undertaken by Driver Jack Brabham in the 1959 U.S. Grand Prix?

• His car—a Cooper—having run out of gas 300 yards from the finish line, Brabham decided to push it that distance by himself. He finished fourth in that race but won the world championship anyway.

—TORRIST MACDONALD



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# SCORECARD

## REWARD

When President Johnson signed the wilderness preservation bill last week, he brought to an end seven years of struggle that, one hopes, future generations will appreciate. There will now be 9.1 million acres of the U.S. that must remain forever wild. Hunting and fishing will be allowed, under regulation, and boating will continue in areas in which it now exists. Otherwise, nature will rule in her own magnificent way. This magazine, which long urged passage of such a bill, applauds.

It applauds, too, such men as Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, who, 3½ years ago, had a choice of Senate committee chairmanships and picked the Interior Committee so that he might push conservation and recreation measures. After passage was assured, Senator Anderson decided it was time to think of his own succeeding generations and not just those of all the people. So he bought a 30-acre homestead on the West Fork of the Gila River, just a mile or so from the eastern edge of the Gila Wilderness Area. It was announced that the Senator would turn it into a "rustic retreat enabling his family to enjoy, as he has enjoyed, the broad vistas of precipitous mountains and unspoiled forests."

Because some might have thought it unethical to purchase a site of which he had advance knowledge, Senator Anderson waited until the legislation was passed. By then, of course, the price of the property had gone up. Well, it's priceless anyway.

## AMENDS

There is reason to believe that the privilege of blackballing basketball officials will be taken from Southern Conference coaches at the conference meeting in December. Shock waves are still reverberating through the conference after a two-thirds vote of the coaches resulted in the barring of two highly competent officials—Charley Eckman and Lou Bello (SI, Aug. 31). Now a committee on officials is making a study of the matter.

It is gratifying to report also that Con-

ference Commissioner Lloyd Jordan has seized on some technicalities to make it possible for Bello to officiate this winter at several conference and nonconference games. There is, furthermore, every indication that Bello will enjoy full status in time for the 1965-66 season. As for Eckman, he probably could have drawn some sort of reprieve, but he disqualified himself when he signed to officiate at National Basketball Association games.

## SAFE AND POSSIBLY SAFE

Word from the U.S. Patent Office indicates that the world is becoming both a more sybaritic and a safer place for dogs. The office has just granted a patent for a poodle-grooming device which sends currents of warm, soothing air over the dog while he is being clipped. Then there is a patented life preserver for small animals, principally dogs, notoriously prone to falling from or jumping from boats. The jacket has a large supporting section which goes under the animal's belly and smaller sections beside each ear to keep his head up.

## HANDS ACROSS THE PACIFIC

The first Japanese ever to play in baseball's major leagues is big for a Japanese and was quick to prove that he may be big enough for any man's league. In his first appearance for the San Francisco Giants, Masanori Murakami, hereinafter to be known as Masi, as he is to his teammates, pitched one inning against the New York Mets, allowing a harmless single while striking out two of the other three batters he faced. One of three Japanese in the Giants' system, Masi is almost 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds, has a curve, a screwball and a deceptive fast ball, but eschews off-speed pitches.

"The players here are all big and strong, and if I throw changeups, they will hit the long ball," he explains, pronouncing "long" as "wrong"—and that may be more than his Japanese accent showing. Outside of such baseball talk, Masi's English is limited. This might have made him an outcast on the clique-ridden Giants. Ah, but not so. Masi

speaks Spanish, a fact that ought to make him the closest of friends with Jesus Maria Rojas Alou and Orlando Manuel Cepeda.

## DAISY AMONG THE EDSELWISSES

More than a score of persons have died trying to scale the almost vertical 4,800 feet of Switzerland's dread Eiger north wall—a fact known all too well to the parents of blithe and blue-eyed Daisy Voog, German track and field star and secretary for an insurance firm in Munich. For the past two summers Daisy spent her weekends in the Dolomites practicing for an assault on the north wall. No woman ever had done it and precious few men. But last year she saw movies taken by friend Toni Hiebeler of his successful attempt and exclaimed: "I want to do this, too."

A month ago she almost made it but had to quit halfway when the weather turned foul. Setting out for a second try with Hiebeler and Werner Bittner, a mechanic friend and experienced climber, Daisy said to her mother: "Keep your fingers crossed." Mother Voog did and Daisy, her only child, made it.

## FOOTBALL FASHION NOTE

At Lehigh University, high-heeled shoes will be the thing for football this year



and at Lafayette College it will be leopard-skin footwear. Not for coeds. For football players.

Dr. Emi Havach, a chiroprapist and Lehigh's head trainer, devised shoes with ½-inch-high heels for slow-pulling guards and sluggish fullbacks. The heels, he said, will help players assume a proper stance and overcome a malady known as "short-heel-cord condition."

continued





## How long is a kiss?

That is best decided by the people involved. If they agree perfectly, the answer will be something like, "Just long enough." This is unscientific, but satisfactory.

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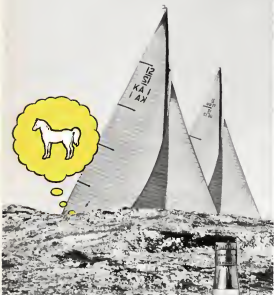
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A number of other brewers would like to know how long "just the kiss of the hops" is. But what do you care? What matters to you is how good it makes Schlitz taste.

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## Secret thoughts of a cup contender

"...I've got an awful sinking feeling. Oh for some of that Scotch they serve at the Club. What the devil is its name?"

*"The name of the Scotch is White Horse. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought."*



Lafayette, which will meet Lehigh on the gridiron for the 100th time this November 21, will wear leopard-skin footgear simply because the team's nickname is the Leopards.

### MRS. MAC AND JIMMY

Herself no taller than a jockey, Mrs. Jessie MacKenzie of Victoria, B.C. became the first woman in North America to receive a Thoroughbred trainer's license and thereafter had her picture taken in the winner's circle in Mexico, Canada and the U.S. She continued to train until she was 78 years old.

Her best horse—and best friend—was a little (14.2 hands) stallion named Jimmy Rogan who won 25 races, had 48 seconds and 33 thirds. Jimmy had his quirks. In his later years he would refuse to join the parade to the post, but instead insisted on stopping to study the mutuel board with the intensity of a \$2 bettor before getting into the starting gate. Pacific Northwest racing fans were so taken with the "wee" horse that they plied him with carrots, oats and sugar every Christmas. Jimmy won his last race when he was 17. When he died in 1962 at the age of 39 he was the oldest Thoroughbred in North America.

After Mrs. Mac and Jimmy retired, the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association of British Columbia held a "day," turned over to her a purse of \$1,500 and helped her to spend her remaining years in modest comfort. After a long life of healthy compassion for and interest in Thoroughbreds, Mrs. Mac died August 31 at the age of 91.

"She was a fine lady. She was good for racing. She loved horses," said William Lochhead, B.C. and Canadian president of the HBPA. Not a bad epitaph.

### ALMA MATER

That astonishing McClymonds High School in Oakland, Calif. has produced two more top professional athletes. Paul Silas and Cleveland (Swish) McKinney have been signed to play basketball for the St. Louis Hawks, joining another McClymonds alumnus, Bill Russell, in the pro game. And, of course, two-thirds of the Cincinnati Reds' regular outfield (Vada Pinson and Frank Robinson) is from McClymonds.

Pride in athletic achievement is the key to it all. (The school has always had a predominantly Negro student body and until very recently did little to en-

continued

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**Manufacturer's two year guarantee**—covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use. Guarantee includes removal and reinstallation labor. Arranged through selling dealer. No mileage limitations. Over 6,000 Motorola Warranty Stations to serve you.

\*Manufacturer's suggested list price (optional with dealer) includes antenna and a speaker. Trim plate and installation are extra.



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## SCORECARD *continued*

courage pride in academics.) The man chiefly responsible both for developing athletics and stimulating their pride is all-sports Coach George Powles, who is white. For some 20 years in and around McClymonds he and Mrs. Powles have devoted themselves to the student-athletes, offering doughnuts, milk and hard advice after hours, coaching at all hours. Vada Pinson still phones when the Reds come to town, but Robinson has become *persona non grata*. He jilted a girl Mrs. Powles was fond of.

Best remembered at McClymonds is Bill Russell, as much for his hypochondria as for his spectacular play. Always tense before a game, he would be overwhelmed by imaginary aches. Once he noticed that one shoulder drooped below the other and iron-hot pain shifted from shoulder to shoulder. Arising from the bench, one knee would buckle under him, unless it was the other. He would look down to see if his knee was attached to his thigh, but be unable to tell because his eyeballs would be twitching. "Coach," Russell would say, clutching his side, "get a doctor. I've got appendicitis." The coach would answer, "Your appendix is on the other side." "My tongue," Russell responded on one occasion. "I can't feel it in my mouth." "Then don't talk," the coach replied. "Just go out and play."

Which Bill did, rather effectively.

## LONG VOYAGE HOME

Back in 1937 a team of 20 boys from Mount Vernon, Ohio started a minor Middle West craze when, under the glow of automobile headlights, they began a softball game before dawn and played 338 innings. It was, they said, a record. Now Mount Vernon, a sleepy community of 16,000, is at it again.

At 6 a.m. one day last week 10 of its sturdier teen-agers, including two girls, jumped into a chilly pool at the Mount Vernon Country Club and took turns churning the 25-yard course until 7:44 p.m., at which time they claimed a new world record for the mixed-relay 50-mile swim. Their time of 13 hours 44 minutes 55.8 seconds actually did lower the recognized Amateur Athletic Union record by 34 minutes 36.2 seconds. That one was set last January 4 by the Tarpon Swim Club of Farmington, N. Mex.

Sanctioned by the Ohio AAU, the record attempt required 3,520 laps. Each swimmer covered five miles.

—GARDNER

# THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL



## ***He likes his natural-shoulder suit with press-holding "Dacron"®***

Traditional was the word for suits at Du Pont's 3rd Annual College/Career Fashion Conference. And this new Blenron® checks out on all counts. Note the slim, easy lines. The strictly classic details.

And the rich, rugged whipcord of 55% "Dacron"® polyester and 45% worsted wool. "Dacron" makes this favorite fabric more practical than ever. Gives it stubborn resistance to wrinkles, keeps trouser

creases sharp through any weather. About \$65. With vest for more formal occasions, about \$75. Remember the name: **Blenron**®

\*DuPont's registered trademark. DuPont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes. Slightly higher in the Far West.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



**He likes button-down  
shirts in wrinkle-free  
"Dacron" & cotton**

Big favorite at the 3rd Annual DuPont College-Career Fashion Conference: button-down sport shirts in bold stripes and plaids. Like these by Van Heusen. The fabric? A luxurious blend of 65% "Dacron", 35% cotton—another favorite with knowing young men, because "Dacron" keeps it neat, fresh all day long. Adds extra-long wear, too. Assures easy wash-wear care. V-tapered for a slim, trim look. \$5.95 at fine stores. The 417 Vanguard by **VAN HEUSEN**

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Shirts shown: 65% "Dacron"/35% polyester, 35% combed cotton. "Du Pont" registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

## THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL

### **He likes the comfort-in-action of slacks with "Lycra"™**

Revolutionary slacks with the built-in *give* of "Lycra"™ are making big news this fall. Both college men and young execs like this slim, trim pair with attached elasticized belt. Because they respond to your slightest move, these slacks feel great. And because they always bounce back to shape, they look great. There's "Dacron"™ in them, too. So wrinkles are never a problem. And creases last, even through rain. In ten top colors, these slacks are about \$30 at all fine stores. SANSABELT SLACKS tailored by

JAYMAR



Slacks shown - "Dacron"™ polyester, worsted wool, "Lycra"™ spandex. Shoes of "Corfam"™ patent leather. "Du Pont" registered trademarks. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

# Ever wonder who buys them?



We did, too.

So we hired a very expensive research company to find people who own Volkswagen Station Wagons and ask them.

On some topics, we could have saved the money.



People with 2.4 children

It came as no shock to find that an overwhelming number of people bought VW Station Wagons because they wanted a wagon that carried a lot and that was cheap to run.

But it was a surprise to learn that people really aren't taking advantage of the VW Station Wagon's size.

The VW holds twice what regular wagons hold; over a ton. (The VW can hold 10 kids with no trouble at all.)

Yet the average family that buys one has only 2.4 children. (Maybe they all have big plans and aren't talking.)

Sometimes, all the extra space turns into a problem. "Once in a while I have to borrow somebody else's wagon," a man complained. "Because everybody else keeps borrowing mine."

Roughly half the VW owners have no other car, so the VW Station Wagon gets used for all their driving.

The other half own more than one car, but 94% use the VW for most of their driving anyway.

"It's more fun," is the usual reason.

We were fascinated to find that some people (9%) own a great big conventional station wagon in addition to the VW. "I use the big one when I don't have too much to carry," a lady muttered.

There is also an astonishing number (14%) who drive both a Volkswagen Station Wagon and a Volkswagen Sedan.

"Why?" we asked.

"Why not?" we were answered.



46% are 2 or more car people



52% are 1 car people

The average income of our owners is a little under \$175 a week.

But we get all kinds. About 1% of the owners earn less than \$3,000 a year. And another 1% earn over \$50,000.

So the VW is very democratic. The rich man saves as much money on gas, oil, tires and antifreeze as the poor man.

Volkswagen Station Wagon owners are pretty well educated: 6 out of 10 went to college and 4 out of 10 were



6 out of 10 are college people

graduated. (Which doesn't prove much, except that you don't have to be absolutely crazy to buy one.)

We seem to have a high number of doctors, lawyers, teachers, foremen, etc.

And they seem to be quite young: half the owners are under 35.

Something that pleased us is that 57% bought the VW Station Wagon because we have a reputation for making a good product. (40%, in fact, didn't even consider buying anything else.)

On the other hand, it displeased us that not even 1% bought it because they thought it had good traction in mud and snow. (Evidently, nobody pays much attention to what we say in our ads.)

All in all, we were happy to learn that VW Station Wagon owners are such nice, sober, industrious citizens.

They think of their wagons (and themselves) as something special.

And they keep them for a long time because they hold up and stay in style.

IA VW Station Wagon always looks exactly as preposterous as the day you drove it home.

100% of the people who own Volkswagen Station Wagons couldn't care less.





It is possible that Mount Vernon has started another cruise—and we hope so. This one is healthier than phone-booth cramming, cleaner than greased-pig chasing and much more uplifting than pinty-raiding or bottle bopping.

#### DOUBLE ACE

There are about 12,000 holes in one made every year, but *The Golfer's Handbook*, the authoritative world guide, lists only three instances of successive holes in one and these were made, you may be sure, on par-3 holes. N. L. Manley, a production planner for an electronics firm and a four-handicap player considered the longest hitter at the Del Valle Country Club in Sausalito, Calif., must, then, be regarded as something rather special. The other day he scored aces at the club's 330-yard par-4 7th hole and at the 290-yard par-4 8th hole, claiming the longest consecutive holes in one of recorded golf history.

Each of the holes is a dogleg and each is downhill. Manley used a four-iron on the 7th and a three-wood on the 8th. A month previously he had holed out on 7 with a four-iron. Last year he made two holes in one. In his record-shattering round Manley had six birdies, eight pars, two bogeys and the two aces for a 27-34 —61 that shattered his own course record of 65 for the 6,017-yard par-71 layout.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State football coach, when asked, "Who are you happiest to see return to camp this fall?": "Me."
- Mrs. Jim Prestel, wife of the Minnesota Vikings' 275-pound defensive tackle: "This season I plan to look at the whole game; last year I just watched Jim."
- Tony Lema after spending a couple of days at Arnold Palmer's house: "I got lost in the vault."
- George Jessel, after a visit to Shea Stadium: "The Mets are engineering a big trade. They're offering two outfielders, three pitchers and two infielders to the Dodgers in exchange for a life-size photograph of Sandy Koufax."
- Lou Michaels, of the Pittsburgh Steelers, after chasing scrambler George Mira of the San Francisco 49ers all through an exhibition football game: "Mira has got a chance to be one of the greatest quarterbacks that ever lived — if he lives."

END



## Now—you can mix perfect Daiquiris in 30 seconds flat

**THE SECRET:** Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry Puerto Rican rum. Each can of Daiquiri Mix makes 12 perfect Daiquiris. Unused mix stays fresh for days. Look for it at food or liquor stores.

*Important reminder:* use only white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Puerto

Rican rums are distilled at high proof for extra dryness, then aged in oak. Look for the bottles with those proud words—*Puerto Rican Rum*.

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1964

# ON THE HIGH END OF A

In a moment of well-mannered climax in the harbor of Newport, R.I. one day last week, a small blue launch brought a group of blue-coated gentlemen alongside a white sloop. One of the gentlemen, wearing a solemn look and a rather rakish straw hat instead of the traditional yachting cap, climbed aboard the sloop and was met by a group of husky young men who looked equally solemn. In the silence Commodore Henry

S. Morgan's voice was formal. "I have the honor to inform you that *Constellation* has been selected to defend the America's Cup," he began, but what he said after that was lost in pandemonium. Whistles blew, hands were pumped and backs pounded, champagne materialized and corks popped. Spectators swarmed along the dock, and lipstick smudges appeared on the tanned cheeks of winch pumpers. It was the end of a long watery

trail for a boat and crew that had come from behind to earn the greatest racing honor that the New York Yacht Club can bestow.

The announcement was made soon after the sloped stern of *Constellation* had led the oncoming bow of *American Eagle* across the finish line by nearly three-quarters of a mile, and two days before a similar announcement by the selection committee of Britain's Royal

With the wind blowing at a respectable 15 knots, the U.S. defender, "Constellation," burns along



# SEESAW

Thames Yacht Club made *Sorregren* the official British challenger. The selections ended a summer of racing which may go down in history as "The Year of the Seesaw," for rarely have the fortunes of competitors in any sport swung so sharply from one pole to the other in the middle of a season.

In June the brand-new 13-meter yacht *American Eagle* swooped out of the Stamford, Conn. yard of her designer,

Bill Luders, and pounced upon her adversary, *Constellation*, from the opposite shore of Long Island Sound. At the wheel of the *Bird*—as *Eagle* was soon to be called—was the redoubtable Bill Cox, a survivor of countless marine encounters and the winner of a formidable percentage of them. Opposing him at the helm of *Constellation* was Eric Ridder, whose recent sailing has been mostly in ocean racers. A decade ago Ridder raced with

considerable success in 6-meters before that class was abandoned for the smaller 5.5s.

The two came together first in the NYYC spring regatta. There were two days of racing in waters almost equidistant from their respective home ports, and *American Eagle* won both. They met twice again in the June preliminary trials in the same sheltered waters, and *Eagle* had two more victories in her

*continued*

as a reaching leg of the Olympic-style America's Cup course under mainsail and spinnaker in one of her last trial races against "*American Eagle*."



talons. Moving to the open sea off Newport in July, they sailed only one completed race in the observation trials, and *Eagle* won that. A second race, in which *Constellation* broke free for the first time to lead at the weather mark, was called off when heavy fog shrouded the course.

Then came the New York Yacht Club annual cruise. *American Eagle* took the first run, a heavy-weather buster from New London to Block Island, when *Constellation* lost an experimental mast constructed partially of titanium, a metal familiar to the aircraft industry but new to yacht fabricators. By this time *Eagle* was 6 up on *Constellation*, and her record became even more impressive if one added in her victories over the two older 12s, *Neferiti* and *Columbus*.

That night, as *Constellation* crept ignominiously to Newport under tow, *American Eagle* hung at anchor in Great Salt Pond on Block Island, serene in the knowledge that she had won 15 times and had never suffered a defeat. Not only did Luders appear to have come

up with a breakthrough design, but Cox seemed invincible at the helm. As one monoyachting reporter commented, "Yachting writers have begun to assign him epithets appropriate to Odysseus." Headlines pointed to the near certainty of *Eagle's* meeting the British challenger at the America's Cup buoy come September, and an anticipatory caption writer even labeled a photograph of her "The Defender."

But the *Constellation* group refused to lie down and die. The crew scabbled BEAT THE BIRD with Magic Marker on their clothes and even on their skins, supporters wore political-campaign-type lapel buttons bearing the same motto, and the slogan appeared on flags flying from vessels in the spectator fleet, a practice that drew disapproving frowns from the New York Yacht Club when *Eagle's* fortune changed.

Two days later off Newport, *Constellation* was ready when the committee hoisted starting signals, carrying a conventional mast borrowed from her trial horse, *Nereus*. And over a course for the Caritas Cup—on Sunday, July 26, to fix the pivot date exactly—the lower end of the seesaw got off the ground. *Constellation* won her first race against *American Eagle*. She lost the next day (largely because she was over the starting line early and had to go back), but she then proceeded to rack up all three of the remaining cruise events. Now *Constellation's* score had moved to a respectable 4-7 for the season, but the main thing was the discovery that the Bird was vulnerable after all.

Immediately the chorus began: "What happened?" *American Eagle* had been one of those early front-runners who not only open a lead but do it so impressively that a change in the status quo seems unthinkable. The answer is probably best summed up in Olin Stephens' philosophy of "the little things": the matter of perfecting and adjusting a myriad elements into a smoothly functioning whole—that he had first enunciated during the *Columbia* campaign six years before. This time one of the little things was finding the right sails—and once *Constellation's* No. 1 Hood mainsail was brought to perfection it was carried in all but three winning races. Another

was discarding an experimental geno-changing device and spinnaker-jibing technique, while getting the bugs out of coffee-grinder winches so radical they have been likened in appearance to Project Apollo's moon craft. With the bugs out, the winches efficiency was so great that short-tacking became a decisive weapon. Another not-so-little thing was finding the best combination of talent in the cockpit.

In the early races Alternate Helmsman Robert N. Bavier Jr. took the wheel from Skipper Eric Ridder only on downwind legs. Yet as an old competitor and shipmate of Bill Cox in Lightnings—one year they finished one-two in the Long Island Sound championships, another year Bavier crewed for Cox in the Malloy Cup—it became apparent that Bavier was better equipped than Ridder to cope with what one observer called Cox's "devilish cleverness" in starts and tactics. So, in another parallel to the '58 campaign, when Helmsman Don Matthews stepped aside on Jim in favor of Bus Mosbacher, Eric Ridder switched to alternate, while Bob Bavier became starting helmsman.

Equally important, at the beginning of the NYCC cruise, the incomparable Rod Stephens came aboard as navigator, tactical advisor, rigging tuner and jack of any other nautical jobs needing to be done. When he arrived, a dockside loner called down, "Say, what are you going to do to change her?" Rod looked up in surprise and answered, "Nothing." He spoke truly. Not a thing has been done since her launching to alter the basic boat that is *Constellation*. Even the controversial scimitar-shaped rudder, which looked so inadequate that Olin Stephens himself distrusted his calculations and had a larger spare built, has remained unchanged. The 19th defender is a design-table, tank-test dream that came true.

In the camps of the other contenders there was activity between the cruise and the commencement of the final trials on Aug. 17. Hoping to improve light-weather performance, Luders shaved some lead off the bottom of *Eagle's* U-shaped keel, achieving what he jokingly called "a poor man's V" and thereby moving toward the wedge favored by

*Continued on page 60*



"Constellation's" Helmsman Bob Bavier smiles confidently at left. At right, crew members of "Sovereign" demonstrate their smart seamanship as they move briskly to clear a foul-up aloft.



# LURE OF THE WILD WHITE NOISE

MARTIN E. PERROW



*The speed of bicycle racing is a blur, but the sound of it is a poetic, seductive thing to Jackie Simes III. Seasoned and scarred at 21, he is going after America's first Olympic cycling medal in 64 years* **by BOB OTTUM**

He had been slightly injured in spills before, but this time when he regained consciousness in a Danish hospital the doctors were stitching up one eye; he had a broken nose, a severe skull concussion and so many track burns, bruises and open cuts that they had overlooked a shoulder fracture in the great rush to put the rest of him back together. He remembered his name first—Jackie Simes—and next that he had come from somewhere in the U.S. to race against the world's best amateur bicyclists. The general expectation had been that the Europeans would take him apart. They had done precisely that and, lying there looking up with one eye through the surgeon's working fingers, he thought: "Now I get it. Now I see how they do it. Next time I'll know." It was June 25, 1962, he was 19 years old and this was his graduation speech.

Twelve days later, laced full of staph infection ("The Dames have this wonderful strain of pure staph that will absolutely murder you"), Simes went home to Closter, N.J. and stayed around the house, mending and brooding and taking monster doses of penicillin. By August he was feeling strong enough to race again. He entered a six-day bicycle race in Fair Oaks, N.Y., and crashed in the first hour, adding a few new cuts and a broken clavicle. That was the bottom. From that point on, Sime's career has run wild with success.

Young Simes—he is Jack Simes III in a family of three bike racers, the others being named Jack Simes I and Jack Simes II—has just finished a whirlwind two weeks. The first week he beat all the top riders in the country to win the national championship for the first time and wound up the second week by beating them all again to make the U.S. Olympic cycling team for the second time. He emerged as one of the world's fastest and fiercest racers—with the acquired cunning of the French, Italians and Belgians, who have always dominated the sport—and as perhaps the best rider this country has ever produced.

He is now 21 years old and chronologically a man, but he still looks like a brooding and handsomely freckled boy. In a sport where (at least in Europe) men reach their prime between 27 and 30, he is growing bigger and stronger every year, an awesome prospect for the future. He is quiet and given to extreme courtesies in a soft voice, and after sprinting to a fantastic finish to win the national title, he apologized: "You'll have to forgive my hands trembling like this. It looks ridiculous, I know, but I've just burned up all my blood sugar, and I'm a little bit shaky."

The Century Road Club of America and the Amateur Bicycle League of America regard Simes as faster than a speeding bullet and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, and as America's foremost hope for a medal when the Olympic races are staged in Tokyo. This dream has a touch of Walter Mitty in it, considering the fact the U.S. has not brought back a cycling gold medal for 64 years. At the 1960 races in Rome, the Italians—naturally—won five of the six gold medals; Russia took the other one, plus four bronze medals. The U.S. entered four men in the 100-kilometer event and came in 11th. America's Allen Bell finished 13th in the 1,000-meter time trial, and everybody else—including Simes—was wiped out before the finals in other events. But at the championships and the Olympic trials in Kennesaw Park in Flushing, N.Y., ABL Chief Otto Eisele growled to those standing nearby: "Now, I just want you to watch this kid's final snap." And then he stood as stunned as everyone else when Simes burst through from the three-quarter mark across the finish line, going an astonishing 48 miles an hour, a blur against the background.

The snap in cycling is what it sounds like; it is the final kick that Snell and O'Hara give in track when they see—or sense—the tape. In track this involves considerable thrashing of arms and legs; runners often close with heads thrown back, Adam's apples, neck tendons and rib cages etched out in bold relief. Then they collapse with a rasping sob, they almost always collapse with a sob, into

the arms of a trainer. In cycling the snap is no more complicated but considerably prettier to watch, and if the trainer gets in the way he will get killed in the rush that carries the rider halfway again around the track before he can slow down. The bicycling snapper comes home in a furious rush wearing steel-soled shoes and a 19-pound machine strapped to the bottom of these. He is arced down over the handlebars in an airflow position, arms taut, and everything else is a fine flash of spinning chrome spokes and kneecaps.

The closest Simes comes to free-form poetry is when he is talking about or doing it. "It is like . . . mm, boy . . . it is like an explosion of everything inside of you," he says, holding his hands clenched into fists in front of him. "You have your bike adjusted so that you are not riding it at all. You are *running* on the pedals. The tension is building, building there inside of you. Then someone makes his move—the snap—and there is the big, wild blur. The tires are going zzzzzzz, and they sound like *infant noise!*"

When he is racing, listening to the white noise, Simes wears a deceptively dreamy expression, turning his head first to check the rider in front of him, then the man on back. When he is exploding toward the finish line the look changes abruptly (his mother cannot stand to see him this way and seldom attends the races) to one of happy savagery. His head is pulled back until it comes directly from his shoulders with no neck; his teeth are bared and clenched, his eyes slanted.

"Oh, he is fierce," sighed James Rossi of Chicago, a tired 28-year-old and for five consecutive years the national champion until Simes knocked him off this season. "I saw Jackie coming on strong years ago and I always beat him, but I couldn't hold him off this season. When you are the champ everybody expects you to win, dammit. But I couldn't."

"In the Olympics," Rossi continued, "Simes will finish second and bring home a medal. Nobody else in the world can beat him. But one. Jackie is not quite strong enough yet to beat Patrick Sercu of Belgium. But he will be—in time—

*continued*

*Heinertless in practice, Jackie Simes rides 75 miles a day in warmups as he aims for Tokyo.*

and he could become the world champ."

Sercu and Simes have raced before and finished in just that order. The world sprint champion held off the young American in their last meet this summer in Denmark, but the ABL is certain Sercu cannot hold him off any longer. Perhaps not. "I would be happy," smiles Simes, saying it but not meaning it, "to get a second place in the Olympics."

Simes has been racing since 1952, when he was 8½ years old. Jack Simes II, who had been national champion in 1936 before turning pro, came home one day and told Jack Simes I, who had won the Boston 100-mile marathon in 1904 and also turned pro: "Now, I don't want to brag or anything like that. But this kid is a natural and he wants to race."

"Let us," agreed Simes I, "race him."

Sometimes now the middle Simes wishes he had never said it. When Jack III is racing, Jack II is a jangle of fright and wanders around the infield aimlessly, muttering, "Does anybody have a cigarette?" to nobody in particular.

"I coached him when he was little, but I don't coach him any more," says Simes II. "Some parents are too mixed up in this thing. Why, I've seen some fathers spank their kids when they don't win a race. And, really, you can coach and train a kid until it is coming out his ears, but he has got to have it in him or he won't make it anyway." And across the field, across the track in the bleachers, 79-year-old Jack Simes I points out the other two and says, "Well, he done pretty good in that one. I was kind of afraid when I saw him in the middle of the pack there—you could get hurt if someone was to take a bad spill in that spot. But the kid won without even exerting himself. Yessir. The kid is good."

In 1959 Jackie won the junior national title in Kenosha, Wis., sweeping four events, the half-mile, one-, two- and five-mile races. By 1960 he had become a match-race specialist—which he loves—and a reluctant 1,000-meter time trial racer, an event he dislikes because the rider is all alone on the track and there is nobody to chase, no compelling reason to explode. "It's grinding and lonely and brutal," he says, "but you have got to run these events to get points." On the Tokyo-bound team Simes will race match events only.

"My big venture," Simes says, "came in 1962 when I went off to Europe to race on that circuit and find out what

made them so much better than us. I wanted to learn strategy, and they taught me."

The Europeans take their bicycle racing with much more fervor than the Americans—it ranks right up there with love and the long lunch. In some European countries pari-mutuel betting is permitted on amateur races, and in Denmark they posted Simes at a not-very-morale-building 30 to 1.

In the match races, official distance is 1,000 meters—with only the last 200 meters clocked. In the laps before that time riders cautiously jockey for position—which is the key to the race—sometimes standing *surplace* (motionless on the pedals, balancing), seeking to psych the other rider into a false move. This stop-and-go drama takes place high on the outside rim of the track, and the educated crowds follow its every nuance with critical boos and wild cheers. The rider who can come in slightly under and behind his opponent can control the action. He is in a spot to dive suddenly for the inside center of the track and sprint for the finish; or to let his man dive first, then slide in close behind him, slipstreaming him for an easy ride—then breaking free for the final lunge. Should the upper man become a little frisky in all this preliminary maneuvering, the lower man can "hook" him. This is a deft, upward lunge of the bike that gives the upper man the option of either slowing down to avoid a crash or going over the wall into the audience. Hooking is as old an art in Europe as tapestry weaving, and on that June day in 1962 Italy's Giovanni Pettenella hooked Simes right out of the world.

"His right pedal caught my front wheel and ripped out all the spokes in one slash," Simes recalls. "The wheel collapsed, and I remember this wonderful, slow, lazy, painless feeling of floating through the air. It didn't hurt at all. Then I landed on my face on the cement." Pettenella was disqualified for the vicious hook—an action which did not do Simes a great deal of good at that point—and later a few punches were thrown by one Australian rider who had grown fond of the American.

Since that time Simes has spent so much time working on the technique of match racing he could do a thesis on it. He has it so pat that he has psyched every American rider of any consequence and a great many Europeans. Except Sercu.

Simes does not throw hooks—American racing rules are tighter than in Europe, and anything that appears to be more than a momentary wobble is illegal. (In fact, under U.S. rules, the rider in the lead in the last 200 meters is not allowed to stray outside the sprinters' lane—a 32-inch strip on the inside of the track.) But he knows a hook when he sees one coming, and he has learned to control all the action in a race by diving for the inside lane from either front or back. In winning the national title this season he turned the 200 meters in 12 seconds flat, a creditable speed which matched Rossi's old U.S. record—but which disappointed him, because he holds the new record himself at a stunning 11.4 and has unofficially matched the world mark of 11.2.

Simes continued developing his technique in 1963 as a member of the Pan American team—losing in São Paulo but winning in a tour of the West Indies. At the world championship that year in Belgium, Simes made it through the first-round heats. Back home he reached the semifinals in the nationals only to lose to Rossi again.

This summer Simes raced in Trinidad and then took his scars and mended bones to Denmark for another try. In the Danish Grand Prix on July 4 he finished second behind Sercu, and for the first time the Danes hailed the sensational American sprinter as the best hope to beat the Italians in Tokyo. He beat Danish champion Nicki Fredborg in Fredborg's own home town of Aarhus. And he trounced France's Michel Trentin, who twice has placed third in the world championships.

All this has toughened Jackie Simes III. He is a lean 150 pounds now: 50 pounds of body and 50 pounds centered in each ironlike thigh. But sprinters such as Simes do not grow as big-legged as some cyclists—particularly the distance riders—who are built along the lines of centaurs. "I suspect," Simes says, "that they are stacked somewhere in their quarters like statues sculptured in a racing position. Then they are carried out to their bikes—fitted onto them—and after the race they are carried back, still in this muscular crouch, and stacked up again."

Simes now starts each day with a 25-mile warmup ride on the country roads around Closter, a quiet town of shade trees and vociferous crickets. In the winter he speed-skates, "because it uses all the same muscles as cycling," and if



Even round he gulps down huge quantities of vitamin B-12 "because it is supposed to steady your nerves." He is usually in bed by 10 or 11 o'clock, propped up on pillows, playing folk music on his banjo. Each Tuesday and Thursday in summer he is racing on the track in Flushing, and all of this does not leave much time for anything else. But occasionally Simes and his girl friend, Judy Johnson of nearby Haworth, really whoop it up by going to New York's Greenwich Village, sitting in coffeehouses and listening to folk music. They drive down in Jackie's desperately wrinkled, front-humperless, banana-colored Porsche—which is about as much adventure as anyone can stand on an evening.

"The boy," Simes II said last week after all the triumph, "has lots of years ahead of him yet. If he doesn't win a medal this Olympics, he could do it in four more years when he certainly will be stronger. He could turn pro and make \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year racing. It's big in Canada, and they're trying to get it going again in this country. But I would rather see him get a good education and go into something else."

The something else he seeks is still far away; in the immediate years ahead there

is going to be little else but bike racing for the Simes family. Last year Jackie took nighttime classes in psychology at nearby Fairleigh Dickinson University but now does not have even the time to spare for that much. At the family home, racing is all. There is a disassembled bike in the dining room, an assembled one in the front hall, two on the front porch. (Mom Simes rides one of them—ever so slowly—to the grocery store. It has a basket in front which will hold about \$10 worth of supplies.) The house is decorated in old racing trophy.

"We Simeses go 'way back in this thing," said Grandfather Simes one day last week, sitting in the front porch swing. "We spring from Philadelphia, where my great-grandfather was John Weston Simes. My grandfather and my father were John Weston Simes. I am John Weston Simes, so is my son here and so is young Jackie—"

"There will be no more of that stuff," growled Jackie. "It will end with me."

"I was at the races yesterday watching ya, kid," said Grampa to Jackie.

"So I heard," said Jackie dryly. "So I heard." He was starting to fidget.

And the three generations of the racing Simeses sat there on the porch, each

caught up in his own thoughts. All are scarred, all tough. Jack I has a dent on his head in the exact imprint of a bicycle toe clip. He got it—with 27 stitches—in 1905, hooked over the side of a bunked bicycle track. He fell between the track shell and the stands—two stories into the basement. Jack II wears a necklace of scars around his right kneecap. They were put there in 1934 when a bike tire exploded in a Michigan race, and in the split Simes put his leg through the wheel. "They took me to the hospital wearing that wheel," says Jack II, "and the doctor said, 'If I take it off of there you'll never walk again,' but he took it off. And I walk all right now."

Jack II now runs a bicycle shop in nearby Westwood and, to hear Jack I tell it, sells more racing bikes than anybody all up and down the East Coast.

Now Jack III—last of the racing Simeses—is the first one of them to hold promise of an Olympic medal. They don't need it; there is hardly any room left in the house for any more award paraphernalia, and a national championship might well be enough. But the first two Jack Simeses understand why the youngest has to win. They, too, have heard the sound of the white noise. **END**

All Jack Simeses live together: the First, a marathon winner in 1904; the Second, national champion in 1936; and Third, the family's first Olympian.





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## PART II

### ZERO OF THE LIONS

In which the venturesome author, the rawest rookie pro football has ever known, recounts all the excruciating details of what happened when he called five plays as quarterback for the Detroit Lions, of how he was cheered by a sellout crowd, and of how the twist and a kindly guard eased his retirement pain

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

## 'HUT—TWO—THREE . . . UGH!'

**T**he Detroit Lion players were all interested in what my first reactions would be quarterbacking in the intra-squad scrimmage in Pontiac, Mich.: how my amateur's eyes would take in the world they knew so well. Wayne Walker, the big linebacker, thinking back on his first days as a professional, had an idea that the light seems to dim, that on the first two or three plays one's concentration is such that general observation is difficult.

"Everything gets dark," he had told me, "like seeing everything from a dark tunnel."

"You mean that the peripheral vision

goes?" I had asked mournfully. "That's about the only physical attribute that . . . well, that I might possess."

The night before the game I had dropped in on Milt Plum and Earl Morrall, the Detroit quarterbacks, in their dormitory rooms at the Cranbrook training camp, hoping they might have some advice to offer.

"Wayne Walker tells me everything's going to go black," I said.

They grinned and looked at each other. "Well, he's blunt enough about it," Morrall said.

"He didn't mean I was going to get hit," I said hastily. I explained what he

had said about the field of vision seeming to diminish. The two quarterbacks said that was new to them, but they both spoke of the advantages of peripheral vision—"a type of split vision," was how Morrall described it. "Tomorrow night," he said to me, "suppose you run your pass play 93 [one of the five plays I was going to call]. Once you're back in the pocket here's what you *should* see, you spot your short receiver, the No. 3 man, and you see how he is going. Then you pick up the long man, the No. 9, to see if the defensive safety's got him covered, then back to the 3 man, and you throw to him!"—Morrall

slapped his fist into his palm—"unless the linebackers are in his zone, in which case you throw out into the right flat to your swing man, the safety valve. Then you have, in addition, the 8 man going down 10 yards on the left and button-hooking, so that actually you have four possible receivers in an arc of 180°—and since you've only got two or three seconds, once you're in the pocket, to pick one of those people out, you can see how helpful a wide angle of vision can be."

"Of course, the angle seems to widen with experience," Plum said. "When you start out and don't know quite where to look, it's as thin as a flashlight beam, which is what Walker is saying."

"Pass patterns are set up to help you see your receivers fast," said Morrall. "Both your primary receivers are usually on a direct line of sight from you. For example, tomorrow night"—every time he said "tomorrow" I could feel my stomach tighten—"if your short man is covered, all you've got to do is raise your eyes, like clicking the sight up on a rifle, and there's the long man on the same line."

The two quarterbacks began talking about the other mandatory attributes of their position.

Morrall said: "If you could put a quarterback together with all the skills he ought to have, you'd give him, first, speed—speed going back those seven yards into the pocket, which a quarterback like Van Brocklin had. This gave him time to see the action and the pass patterns develop. Then you'd give him the ability to fake well, which Y. A. Tittle and Eddie LeBaron have, good dramatics and action, good enough to make the defense lean the wrong way. And then, of course, an arm, a good arm, and strong."

"I'd put that first," Plum said. "The coaches look for someone who can throw the ball 50 yards, and almost on a line. In college there's not much emphasis on pass defense—it takes too long to develop a good one. With your receivers getting 10 yards clear of the defense, you can loft the ball without danger. But any pass which gets up in the air in this league will have four defenders crowding around waiting for it to come down—like an infield pop in baseball."

They could see from my fidgeting that I was uncomfortable as they put together their composite superquarterback. On the training field both of them had seen my passing efforts, which over the length of 20 yards began to develop the high trajectory of a howitzer shell. "Look," said Morrall. "You don't need to worry tomorrow. Call plays that get the ball to the running backs. Make those people pick up the yardage for you."

I was ready to follow this advice when Coach George Wilson sent me in as his starting quarterback the next evening. As I ran out across the sidelines the teams were waiting on the offensive unit's 20-yard line. The kickoff was dispensed with. In the controlled scrimmage the defense would get one point for keeping the offense from getting a first down, two points for an interception or a fumble recovery. The scoring for the offense was regular.

Bud Erickson, the Lions' publicity man, was on the public address system telling the crowd how the scoring would work. It was a sellout crowd, packing the high stands that flanked the field, out to see the season's first appearance of the Lions. The rookies would be of particular interest to them. They had settled in their seats, watching me trot along the sidelines, my number, which was zero, staring up at them like an eye. They listened to Erickson explain that "number zero," coming out, was not actually a rookie but an amateur, a writer, who had been training with the team for three weeks and had learned five plays, which he was now going to run against the first-string Detroit defense. It was a nightmare come true, he told them, as if one of them, rocking a beer around in a paper cup, with a pretty girl leaning past him to pay the hot-dog vendor in the aisle, had been suddenly carried down underneath the stands by a sinister clutch of ushers and encased in the accouterments (the tape, the supporter, the wraparound girdle, the thigh pads, the arm pads, the shoulder pads, the sweat shirt, the jersey, the silver helmet with the two protruding bars of the cage jammed down over his ears) and sent out to take over the team. The crowd was interested, and I was conscious, though just vaguely, of a steady roar of encouragement.

My team, the first-string Lion offense, was waiting for me, grouped in the huddle, watching me come, their faces unrecognizable, lost in the shadows of their helmets. For the first call the running play I had available for them—following Plum's and Morrall's advice—was the 26 near 0 pinch. In it the quarterback receives the snap, turns and takes two steps straight back and hands the ball off to his 2 back coming laterally across from right to left. The ballcarrier then cuts into the No. 6 hole (the holes are numbered 9-7-5-3-1 from the right, and 0-2-4-6-8 leading out to the left). That is what is designated by 26—the 2 back into the 6 hole. The mysterious code words "near 0 pinch" referred to blocking assignments in the line, and I was never sure exactly what was meant by them.

I went into the huddle and called out, "Twenty-six!" forcefully, to inspire them, and a voice from one of the helmets said, "Down. Down. The whole stadium can hear you."

"Twenty-six," I now hissed at them. "Twenty-six near 0 pinch, on three! Break!" Their hands cracked as one, and they streamed past me out of the huddle, moving up to the line of scrimmage fast as I wheeled and started for the line behind them.

I kept my eye on Bob Whitlow, my center, as he trotted up over the ball, and I followed in his tracks. Earl Morrall had told me that sometimes a quarterback, distracted, will stray off center as he walks up to the line of scrimmage, concentrating on the alignment of the defensive backs, perhaps considering the advisability of calling a checkoff play, and he will step up not behind the center but behind a guard, whose eyes widen inside his helmet as he feels the unfamiliar pressure of a hand under his backside, and more often than not he bolts across the line and causes an off-side penalty. On one occasion Jug Girard, playing quarterback then, stepped up behind a guard by error, but his count was so quick that the play was under way before the guard could demur, and the center beside him popped the ball back. It shot straight up in the air as the two lines came together, as if squeezed up like a peach pit by the pressure.

So I kept an eye on Whitlow, who was poised over the ball, and I ambled

continued



**HUMILIATING FUMBLE** occurs on first play when the author (left) has the ball accidentally knocked from his hands by his own lineman (right), who had pulled out to join the interference.

up behind him and rested a hand at the base of his spine, as if on a windowsill, a nonchalant gesture I had admired in certain quarterbacks, and I looked out over the length of his back to fix in my mind what I saw.

I had the sense of a porcupine down. On the other side of the imaginary bars the linemen were posed, the light glistening off their helmets; behind them the linebackers were drawn in close. Joe Schmidt was just opposite me, the big number 56 shining on his white jersey, jumping back and forth in quick, choppy steps, his hands poised in front of him, and he was calling out the defensive code words—colors they happened to be, “blue! blue! blue!” which indicated a variety of zone coverage or “red! red! red!” which designated man-on-man coverage. The defensive code words varied. When Jim Ninowski, a former Lion quarterback, was traded from Detroit to Cleveland, the defensive signals, which Ninowski knew, of course, had to be changed when the two teams met—from colors to girls’ names, it was decided. One of them was Ninowski’s young

wife’s name—Judy, I think it was. He would call a play in the huddle and come up behind his center to hear the linebackers across the line all hollering “Judy! Judy! Judy!” The Lions hoped that this would jar him somewhat, I had only the vaguest idea what these code words meant and could not have used such knowledge to advantage, since I knew no chokeoff plays. “Jumbo!” was the only cry I had an ear cocked for—the linebackers’ signal that the quarterback rush was on, the red dog.

I cleared my throat and began the signals. The count begins with three meaningless numbers. I have a sort of New England cosmopolitan accent, often mistaken for an English accent, and the Lions delighted in imitating my signal calls—“fawty-fowah! fawty-tew!” I’d hear them yelling in the shower after practice—so I avoided such numbers. I had a harmless non-accent number ready at hand to start the series: 16.

“Set!” I called out, my voice loud and astonishing to hear, as if it belonged to someone shouting into the ear holes of my helmet, “16, 66, 55, hur one, hur

two, hur three,” and at “three” the ball slapped back into my palm. The lines cracked together with a yawp and smack of pads and gear, and I had the sense of quick, heavy movement as I turned for the backfield. Not having taken more than a step, I was hit hard from the side, and as I gasped, the ball was jarred loose.

My first thought was that at the snap of the ball the right side of the line had been engulfed as I turned and stepped back for the hand-off. Someone, I assumed, had messed up on the assignments designated by the mysterious code words “near O pinch.” In fact, my own man had bowled me over—John Gordy, whose assignment as offensive guard was to pull from his position and join the interference on the far side of the center. He was required to pull back and travel at a great clip parallel to the line of scrimmage to get out in front of the runner, his route theoretically passing between me and the center. But the creaking execution of my turn put me in his path, a rare sight for Gordy to see, his own quarterback blocking the way, like coming around a corner in a high-speed car to find a moose ambling across the center line. He careened off me, jarring the ball loose, and I stumbled after it, hauling it under me five yards back of the line of scrimmage, hearing the rush of feet and the heavy jarring and wheezing of the blockers fending off the defense, a great roar coming up from the crowd and, above it, a relief to hear, the shrilling of the referee’s whistle.

I was not new for me to be hit down by my own people. At Cranbrook I was knocked down all the time by players on the offense—the play patterns run with such speed along routes so carefully defined that each player had to do everything right and at the proper speed for the play not to break down in its making. I was often reminded of movie film clips in which the process of a porcelain vase, say, being dropped by a butler and smashed, is shown in reverse, so that the pieces pick up off the floor and soar up to the butler’s hand, each piece on a predestined route, sudden perfection out of chaos. Often it did not take more than an inch or so off base to throw a play out of kilter. On one occasion, while practicing hand-off plays to the fullback, I had my chin hanging out just a bit too far, something wrong with my posture,

*continued*

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and Pietrosante's shoulder pad caught it like a punch as he went by, and I spun slowly to the ground, grabbing at my jaw. Carl Bretschneider, one of the line-backers, said that afternoon: "The defense is going to rack you up one of these days—that is, if your own team would let you stand long enough for us defense guys to get at you. It's aggravating to hurt through and find that you've already been laid flat by your own guys."

The referee took the ball from me and set it down. Whitlow was calling the huddle together. My confidence had not gone. Next on my list was the 93 pass, a play that I had worked successfully in the Cranbrook scrimmages. In the huddle I called with considerable enthusiasm, "All right! All right! Here we go!"

"Keep your voice down," said a voice. "You'll tip the play."

I leaned in on them and said, "Green right ['green' designated a pass play, 'right' put the flanker to the right side], three right [which put the three back to the right], 93 [indicating the two primary receivers: 9 the right end, and 3 the 3 back] on three! Break!" The clap of hands again in unison, then the team hurried past me up to the line, and I walked briskly up behind Whitlow.

I knew exactly how the play was going to develop—back those seven yards into the defensive pocket for the couple of seconds it was supposed to hold, and Pietrosante, the 3 back, would go down in his pattern, 10 yards straight, then cut over the middle, and I would hit him.

"Set! 16!—88!—55."

All quarterbacks have different moves getting back to the pocket, some of them turning away from the line at the snap and scampering for the pocket, wasting as few of the allotted seconds as possible to get there, then turning again to look downfield, but most backpedal, moving back with near disdum, watching downfield. This has the advantage of letting the quarterback observe the play unfold from the start and the patterns develop. My own style was to get to the pocket as quickly as I could, turning and racing for it.

"Hut one, hut two, hut three."

The ball slapped into my palm at "three." I turned and started back. I could feel my balance going, and two yards behind the line of scrimmage I fell down—absolutely flat, as if my feet had been pinned under a trip wire stretched across the field—not a hand laid on me.

I heard a great roar go up from the crowd. Suffused as I had been with confidence, I could scarcely believe what had happened. Cleats catching in the grass? Slipped in the dew? I felt my jaw go ajar in my helmet. "Wha? Wha?"—the mortification beginning to come fast. I rose hurriedly to my knees, the referee's whistle blenting, and I could see my teammates' big silver helmets with the blue Lion decals turn toward me, some of the players rising from blocks they'd thrown to protect me, their faces masked, automaton, prognathous with the helmet bars protruding toward me, characterless, yet the dismay was in the set of their bodies as they looped back for the huddle.

I joined them, there being no alternative. "Sorry, sorry," I said.

"Call the play, man," came a voice from one of the helmets.

The third play on my list was the 42, another running play, one of the simplest in football, in which the quarterback receives the snap, makes a full spin and shoves the ball into the 4 back's stomach. He has come straight forward from his fullback position as if off starting blocks, his knees high, and he disappears with the ball into the No. 2 hole just to the left of the center—a straight power play and one which seen from the stands seems to offer no difficulty.

I got into an awful jam with it. Once again the jackrabbit speed of the professional backfield was too much for me. The fullback, Danny Lewis, was past me and into the line before I could complete my spin and set the ball in his belly. The fullback can't pause in his drive for the hole, which is what he must keep his eye on, and it is the quarterback's responsibility to get the ball to him. The procedure in the forlorn instance of missing the connection and holding the ball out to the seat of the fullback's pants as he tears by is for the quarterback to tuck the ball under his arm and try to follow the fullback into the line, hoping that he may have budged upon a small hole.

I tried to follow Lewis, grinning, and waiting for the impact, which came before I'd taken two steps. I was grabbed up by Roger Brown, a 300-pound tackle. For his girth he is called Rhinofoot by his teammates, or Haystack, and while an amiable citizen off the field, with idle pursuits—learning very slowly to play

the saxophone, a sharp dresser, affecting a narrow-brimmed porkpie hat with an Alpine brush—on the field he is the anchor of the Lions' front line, an All-League player, and anybody is glad not to have to play against him.

He had tackled me high and straightened me up with his power, so that I churned against him like a comic bicyclist. Still upright, to my surprise, I began to be shaken around and flayed back and forth, and I realized that he was struggling for the ball. The bars of our helmets were nearly locked, and I could look through and see him inside—the first helmeted face I recognized that evening—the small, brown eyes surprisingly peaceful, but he was grunting hard, the sweat shining, and I had time to think, "It's Brown, it's Brown!" before I lost the ball to him. Flung to one knee, I watched him lumber into the end zone behind us for a touchdown.

The referee wouldn't allow it. He said he'd blown the ball dead while we were struggling for it. Brown was furious. "You taking that away from me," he said, his voice high and squeaky. "Man, I took that ball in there good."

The referee turned and put the ball on the 10-yard line. I had lost 10 yards in three attempts, and I had yet, in fact, to run off a complete play. Preliminaries had undone me—handling the ball from center, the spin, then being frustrated by being knocked over by my own men or missing the hand-off, or taking a prat-fall, so that the play had yet to be developed fully. It was vaguely like turning the ignition key without the dignity of hearing the motor turn over, perhaps having it fall out of the bottom of the car instead.

The veterans walked back very slowly to the next huddle. They had wanted me to succeed. The first time George Wilson had sent me in to run a play in the training camp at Cranbrook the rookies happened to be in the offensive lineup, and the veterans, in a block, came hurrying after me onto the field of their own volition, wanting to see that I got the best protection, and there were quickly 20 men in the huddle, a lot of pushing and murmuring as the rookies were replaced, and I could hear George Wilson calling out: "What's going on there?"

But now they were despirited, and when I called my fourth play—a slant pass to the 9 man, the strong-side end,

continued

Jim Gibbons—that crack of the hands as we left the huddle was missing, possibly because I had forgotten to give them the signal on which the ball was to be snapped. “Two!” I called in a stage whisper as we headed for the line, holding my fingers spread in a V and showing it around furtively, trying to hide it from the defense and hoping my people would see.

The pass was incomplete. I took two steps back (the play was a quick pass), and I saw Gibbons, who is tall, break, then stop, buttonhooking. His hand came up, but I threw the ball over his head. It was my first play of the evening, however, which functioned as a play should, and so did the next one, a pitch-out play to Pietrosante, the last of my series. But the defense was keyed for it. One of my linemen told me later that

the defensive man opposite him in the line, Floyd Peters, had said, “Well, here comes the 48 Pitchout” (they knew my repertoire), and it *had* come, and they were able to throw Pietrosante on the one-yard line, just a yard away from the complete humiliation of having moved a team backward from the 20-yard line to a safety.

I left quickly, as soon as I saw Pietrosante go down, heading for the bench on the sidelines at midfield. It was a long run, and I felt utterly weary, shuffling along through the grass. I heard applause, and I looked up and saw some people standing, and the hands going. I thought about the applause afterward—some of it, perhaps, in appreciation of the lunacy of my participation, but it occurred to me that most of it, even subconsciously, was in relief that I had done

as badly as I had. It verified the assumption that the ordinary citizen could not survive in the brutal world of professional football. If by some chance I had uncoiled a touchdown pass, there would have been wild acknowledgment—because I heard the groans go up at each successive disaster—but afterward the spectators would have felt uncomfortable. The proper order of things would have been upset. The outsider did not belong and there was satisfaction in that being proved.

Some of the applause, as it turned out, came from people who had enjoyed the humorous aspects of my stint, and more than a few thought they were being entertained by a professional comic in the tradition of baseball’s Al Schacht or bullfight clowns. Bud Erickson, who had been announcing on the public ad-



HAPLESS PLIMPTON, HAVING TRIPPED OVER HIS OWN FEET, BRACES FOR BURNAL BENEATH A WALL OF EAGERLY CHARGING LINEMEN



dress system, told me that a friend of his had come up to him later. "Bud, that's one of the funniest damn—I mean that guy's got it," this man had said, barely able to control himself.

I did not take my helmet off when I reached the bench. It was painful to do—wrenching it past my ears—and there was security in having it on. I was conscious of the big zero on my back facing the crowd when I sat down. I heard someone yelling my name. I turned around and saw a girl leaning over the rail of the grandstand. I recognized her from a dance place in Dearborn where I'd gone with some of the team. She was wearing an Italian mohair sweater, the color of pink spun sugar, tight pants, and she was holding a thick folding wallet in one hand along with a pair of dark glasses, and in the other a Lion banner which she waved, her face alive with excitement, very pretty in a perishable, childlike way, and she was calling, "Beautiful! It was beautiful!"

I looked at her out of my helmet, lifting a hand just tentatively to acknowledge her enthusiasm, and I turned back to watch the field, where the true scrimmage was getting under way.

After the scrimmage the disappointment stuck, and it was hard to ease. It was quiet in the bus going back, everyone tired, thinking back on the game. We were a long time blocked in traffic outside Pontiac, but no one complained. It was dark inside. I was sitting alone. George Wilson came down the aisle. I was feeling low, and he knew it. He sat down, and looked, and began talking easily—not a word about the scrimmage but about football in general. He talked about the character of the football player—Bobby Layne, the Detroit quarterback, whose teams would take anything from him because he performed, and at the base of it was the urge, if you wanted to play football, to knock someone down; that was what the sport was all about, the will to win closely linked with contact. He talked about coaching, too, about its complexities, speaking almost with regret, as if the pleasures of the game, with its fundamental simplicity of physical contact, were unavailable if you were watching from the sidelines, as if it were a frustration and a nuisance to find self-expression in the action of others. No matter, he said. It was a tough and absorbing job, marshaling a host of in-

tuitive within seconds and applying knowledge or intuition to make a decision whose circumstances—since only 54 games were played a season—could cost him his job, even though often something would happen, like a fumble, a penalty or an injury, that removed the reins and made the coach as much of a bystander as the fellow ripping tickets in half at the gate or the hot-dog vendor in the aisles. And yet the disaster on the field was his doing and his responsibility.

All of this made my own disaster seem far less important—which Wilson had calculated, I'm sure, and it was easy to sense why his men had such respect for him ("He's a players' coach," they said of him, as opposed to such Procrustean coaches as Tom Landry at Dallas, who, or so players' gossip had it, pulled the main switch at 10:30 to darken the training-camp dormitories—the big deer-hunting lamps came out, the beams crisscrossing the walls—or Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Packers, the archrivals, who thought of players as "kids" and whom the Lions referred to as the Jap.

**T**he players themselves were concerned about my well-being. A group of them took me out that night, a long, tearing night through the Dearborn dance halls, celebrating, all of them shouting, "Fawty-fowah, fawty-few!" from time to time, fussing, and making me feel as though I had really done something more than play the fool, until I began to say, "No, no, it was nothing at all, really."

I lost my car somewhere, and by the time I'd recovered it and got back to Cranbrook the sun was up. It was going to be a hot day. I knew the heat would begin to build up in my room, but the bed looked inviting. I hadn't been asleep for more than what seemed a minute when I heard a voice sing out. "Up you get there, rook". No time for lying around."

I looked, and it was Harley Sewell standing in the door, one of the finest offensive guards. He had been 11 years in the National Football League. He had pale, thinning hair, a rolling gait like a sailor's, and was small in stature for a lineman (his weight was in the record books as 230, though he looked much lighter), but when he put his mind

to something he was very persistent, and this determination was obviously a major part of his equipment. A Texan, born in a place called St. Jo, he kept after me to come down to his part of the world in the off season and try my hand at riding broncos. He was absolutely determined about it.

He'd say, "Now, when you coming down to ride them broncos?"

"Well, Harley, I don't know. . . ."

"I'd sure like for you to have that experience."

"Well, Harley. . . ."

"No trouble 'tall to set it up for you."

"Harley. . . ."

"When you think you can come?"

"Sometime in the off season," I'd say.

After the Pontiac scrimmage—I was told later—he had come looking for me in the dormitory. I would be downcast after my sorry performance and in need of company. He thought I would like a pizza pie, for some reason, so he had gone off in his car and gotten one somewhere, which he put on the back seat. Only two or three players were in the dormitory when he got there, chatting in one of the rooms about the scrimmage, and Harley appeared in the door, holding the big pizza in front of him. "Where's the rook at?" he had asked.

They told him they thought I was off at the Club Gay Haven, a sort of twist palace, with some of the others. He waited around for a while, and they shared the pizza, though Harley kept a big piece of it in case I turned up. He left finally, and now here he was at 8 in the morning.

I had a sudden premonition that he had some broncos ready for me, waiting, outside on the lawn. "What? What?" I said. I sat up in bed. His two children were with him, staring around from behind him.

"Time to be up," Harley said.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Eight," he said.

"God, Harley, I only just got in. I only had two hours' sleep."

"Time's awasting," he said. "We'll go for a drive."

"Harley, I've been in a police station, and I've. . . ."

He disappeared with his children, but they were back after a minute or so with coffee and rolls from the dining room. "These'll fix you up," Harley said.

I groaned and got up to dress.

"It's best to keep your mind occupied," Harley said.

continued



NOTHING HAD BEEN EXPECTED OF ZERO, BUT SOMEHOW HE HAD DONE EVEN LESS

"HUT . . . UGH!"

"Harley, I was asleep."

"You would've waked up wrong," Harley said.

We went riding through the country in his station wagon. His children sat quietly in the back seat, flanking a lawn-mower Harley had borrowed and had been meaning to return. When I closed my eyes I could feel sleep rock toward me, so I kept the window down to let the warm air hit, and I tried to keep my mind on what Harley was saying. He was talking about the tough people he had played against, the enormous defensive tackles and guards he had tried to clear out for the offensive backs, and the humiliations he had been forced to suffer. He was trying to make me feel better about my own humiliations the night before. He talked about Big Daddy Lipscomb. Harley said that he had played against him a number of times and that while he was one of the best, and he'd been humiliated by him for sure, he was not as good as Henry Jordan of the Green Bay Packers, who was faster and trickier and much harder on a good day than Big Daddy on an average day. Occasionally Big Daddy would put his mind to it, and then he was invincible. Harley's worst day against him was in the 1963 Pro Bowl Game, when he just couldn't handle him, so he came out and someone else went in to try, and couldn't, and Forrest Gregg tried and couldn't, so finally they double-teamed him, two men driving at him, and that helped, but not much.

I asked Harley why Baltimore had traded such a valuable property, even if he did have a bad day or so, to the Pittsburgh Steelers. Well, they'd had problems with him, Harley told me: he was not an easy man, being prideful and quick-tempered, and on one occasion, the year before he was traded, one of the Colts gave a party to which Big Daddy was not invited. He prowled around until the idea that he was being snubbed got the better of him. He turned up at the party and threw the host through a window. There was a big ruckus, of course, particularly since the host, who was a very fleet sea-hack, cut a tendon in his ankle going through the glass. After that they didn't think they could keep Big Daddy.

"The vision I have of him," I said dreamily, "is him sitting in a dentist's chair."

"What's that?" asked Harley sharply.

"I've read somewhere he couldn't stand pain," I explained. "He wouldn't get in a dentist's chair unless he had his wife with him, sitting on his lap, to calm him down at the slightest twinge. I never can think of him without seeing that dentist trying to get his job done with those two people sitting in his chair, and having to work around the girl to get at Big Daddy wearing one of those little hibs."

"I don't see Big Daddy like that 'til," said Harley. "Regretfully, I see him down across the line from me, maybe that shirt out and hanging down behind him like a tail, and then trying to move that boy—like running up agin a barn."

Big Daddy had died earlier in the year of an overdose of drugs, but his presence had been such that Harley spoke of him as if he were still around.

"I'll tell you something, though—he could be humiliated," said Harley, and went on to explain that Lipscomb had a flaw Detroit was able to take advantage of, which was that he liked to pursue and tackle in the open field, preferably by the sidelines, where he could knock his man down in full view of the great crowds who had come to watch him do such things. He would reach down and pick his victim up by the shoulder pads, set him on his feet and whack his rear with a big hand.

The Detroit ruse was to get Big Daddy to range off toward the sidelines looking to make such a play, and then run the ball through his vacated position. The play was called 47-0 cross-back takeoff, and it required the guard opposite Big Daddy—Harley, say—to pull from his position, indicating that he was leading the interference in a move toward the end, sucking out Big Daddy with him, and then the back—usually Pietrosante—would light out through the 7 hole with the ball. Of course, if Big Daddy didn't fall for it and stayed there in the 7 hole, refusing to trail out after the guard, it suddenly became very unpleasant for Pietrosante, and humiliating for him. But he was a showboat sort, Big Daddy, and the chances were—at least, at the beginning of his career—that he'd move off laterally after the guard, the long jersey shorttail, which always came out toward the end of a game, trailing behind him.

"He had his bad days. I'll tell you," said Harley, looking over at me.

"Like mine?" I said, grinning at him.

"Sure," he said, quite seriously. Harley turned off the road, and we drove up a short driveway to a house on a wooded ridge. Friends of his were waiting on a screened-in porch. He hadn't told me we were going there, but it was like him not to. I was introduced around. Coffee was brought out. They'd heard about the game, and they were eager to get the details of my participation.

I sat down and took some coffee. I rather looked forward to telling them. "Well, it was a disaster," I said. "Just awful."

Harley was out in the kitchen overseeing something or other, the cutting of coffee cake, and he came hurrying in. He said, "Well, hold on now. I don't know about that."

"Come on, Harley," I said, grinning at him. "I lost 20 yards in five tries, fell down without anyone laying a hand on me, then had the ball stolen by Roger Brown, then threw the ball at least 10 feet over Jim Gibbons' head—that's pretty awful."

Harley said, "You didn't do too bad... considering." He was very serious, really trying, consciously, to keep me from remembering and being humiliated.

"Harley," I said, "you're a poor judge of disasters."

The others on the porch kept after me for details, but Harley wouldn't let me discuss the subject. "It don't do any good dwelling on such things," he said.

"Aw, come on, Harley," they said.

"No sir?" he said.

So we humored him and talked about other things, and eventually I managed to tell them just enough about the game to satisfy them, though we waited until Harley was off the porch, out on the lawn with his children.

He drove me back to Cranbrook after a while. It had been a pleasant morning, and I told him so, standing in the driveway, hands on the car door, though Harley, inside behind the wheel, continued to look preoccupied. He was still worried about my state of mind. "The thing is not to fret on it," he said. "Your luck wasn't running too good. Just forget it, and get yourself going again."

"Listen, Harley," I said, "I really am grateful to you."

"When you wake up it'll be all right." "Sure," I said.

END

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# GETTING TO THE GAME IN STYLE

*Since the University of Washington football stadium is right on the shore of Lake Washington, getting to the game—by land, by sea, by air—is often half the fun. You can either fly or boat in and tie up at the stadium's own dock. Hoge Sullivan and Sue Marshall (right) have flown over from Bainbridge, a Seattle suburban island, and others fly in from waterside communities all around Puget Sound. The Doyle Fowlers have a nautical version of a tailgate picnic as they cruise along the lake with parties of friends (following pages) on a motorized barge built on pontoons. By land, Herb Schoenfeld goes to the game in a 1924 Bugatti racer, pride of his fine collection of vintage cars. However they get there, Pacific Northwest spectators arrive in style. These Seattle women, for instance, find the new passion for pants suits part of the fun of going to the game—and highly practical attire for their assorted and unusual ways of getting there.*

*Mrs. John C. Marshall and Hoge Sullivan arrive at the Washington stadium in a Cessna seaplane. Her brass-buttoned pants suit is of wool twill. (For the less venturesome, all pants suits in these pictures also have optional skirts.) Sullivan's fitted double-breasted overcoat is of Irish tweed.*

All women's clothes on the following seven pages are at Frederick and Nelson, Seattle. Blazer (44) with jersey pullover, by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Costume (\$185), is also at Bergdorf Goodman. New York. Tweed overcoat, by Jason Gibbs (\$110), is at Britney, Ltd., Chicago. Manne Outlet, New York. Ground-calf shoes (\$35). Footnote: Remko silk necktie (\$2.50).









*Herb Schoenfeld, Seattle's best-known vintage-car collector (right), heads for the game in a 1924 Bugatti racer, shielded from the rain by an Australian bush hat and a new edition of one of the best game-going coats made, a trench coat that now comes in a shortened version, cut to knee-length.*

*Aquascutum's Kingway trench coat (190) is at Brooks American House, New York, its luggage browser; The London Shop, Hollywood, is being Australian hat (\$12.50) with leopard-printed fur-trimmed band is made by Herbert Johnson for Brooks Bros.*

*Lois Brown, armed against the elements in a shiny chin-strapped helmet and a cuffless pullover zipped up with industrial zippers, takes off in a 1929 Rolls-Royce coupe.*

*Bonnie Cushman for Philip Sells pullover (\$110) is at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Nylon civil servant (\$51) is by Adolfo for Realities.*

*Knee-length skirts, bright-patterned stockings and form-revealing "poor boy" sweaters are new fall favorites for fair-weather spectators. A friend with warm and vivid legs steps into a Bugatti with snugly sweaters Mrs. John T. Marshall.*

*Slant-trimmed skirts (\$25 for the plaid, \$23 for the herringbone) are at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duncan Philadelphia One & One sweater (\$12) is at Halle Bros.; Cleveland Norell-Marion Bonnet Dooz darning-passant stockings are \$1; Fairbanks black-patent oxford \$18; Birnie Peasley sock \$1.50; Kellie driving doorknob-and-ring gloves are \$15.*









*Zipping to the stadium by powerboat is one way to beat the traffic in Seattle and in New York. On a hydrofoil to Shea Stadium, home of the Mets and the Jets, Anne Larson (right) wears a wool whipcord pants suit with warm inner shell of raccoon. The pants legs are slit to slide smoothly over short suede walking boots.*

Marcuse suit (\$495) in order at both Hanes Carnegie, New York, and Frederick and Nelson, Seattle. Made-to-measure boots.

*Barbara Ramsay (left) peers out of spectator helmet designed by Leon Bennett to go with Rudy Gerweich's futuristic fashions. Hoge Sullivan's soft felt hat, which can fold up, has band of watch-strap program.*

GR Design helmet (\$40) is at Hanes Bendel; Ramsay hat (\$15) is called the Crusher.

*Mrs. Robert M. Holwell, one of the 55,000 University of Washington Husky fans who fill the stadium for every home game, is snuggled in a hooded wool-jersey dress, worn under a pile-lined suede greatcoat.*

Bonnet: Carlson for Philip Sells dress (\$65) and coat (\$1,000). Both are in Brown Taffin, New York; Kershals, Oak Park, Ill.







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Not a creature was stirring, not even a grouse, on **Lord Swinton's** Yorkshire estate, when former Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan** and his friends went over for the start of the shooting season. Clad in traditional tweed caps, plus-fours and gaiters, the sportsmen spent four hours on the foggy moors and failed to flush a single bird. The day's only distinction went to the Jamieson brothers—Major David, who fired the only shot (he missed); and Jerry, who bagged the only prize the smothered a bird in his cap as it scurried through the heather. "It was the worst opening day I can remember," said Macmillan.

It was tournament time at Southampton, and the grass on the Long Island estate of Humble Oil heiress **Mrs. Lloyd H. Smith** looked somehow as expensive as the croquet sets that dotted it. "What we're playing here is a kind of turf chess," explained Portrait Painter **John Laville**, leaning on his mallet. "Bert here is pretty good," he said, nodding at His Grace, the 66-year-old 10th Duke of Marlborough, as the latter slowly straightened up after a crouching shot. "I understand that Westhampton wants to play us," said one of the players. Another, **Mrs. M. Doris Doyle**, quickly dismissed any notion of that. "But we don't know anyone there," she said.

"I feel like I'm gonna die and I'm afraid I'm not," gasped **Stan Musial** after he collapsed at Busch Stadium in St. Louis last week. Then, as the man most responsible for the nation's fitness regained some of his own, his wife Lu explained, "Stan has been on the go almost constantly ever since he retired, and his work in physical fitness is just one of his many activities. When the ball club was going poorly he was running around for them [as a vice-president]. In addition, he is conscientious about his business [Stan Musial's and Biggie's restaurant in St. Louis] and his book [*Stan Musial: The*

*Man's Own Story as Told to Bob Brown*]." The Man's doctor added: "The demands on Stan's time have been tremendous. He was just pooped, that's all."

The market was steady and there were plenty of others in the firm to take care of the investors, so Broker **Edward Allen Pierce** of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. took the afternoon off to celebrate his birthday with a round of golf. He shot "around 90" for nine holes. But that was not too bad. Mr. Pierce is 90 himself.

Those exuberant French ski champions, **Marielle** and **Christine Gotschel**, were up to their old tricks, but this time in bikinis, not stretch pants. With parachutes strapped to their backs and clinging to lines from a speeding motorboat, the girls have been flying over the Mediterranean in a new sport called in French *parachutisme occasionnel*. "Anyone can do it, grandpas and kids," enthused Marielle, back at water level after a soaring flight. "I like going up in a chute so much that I'm going to try coming down a mountain under one this winter in the Alps."

Recovered at last from his rebuffed attempt to get in the presidential race, Pennsylvania's Governor **William W. Scranton** decided to run in another (right). Happily seizing an Olympic torch, he ran a first 50 yards outside the state capitol in Harrisburg as one of the 3,000-odd runners selected to carry the flame across the nation to help raise \$1 million for the U.S. Olympic fund.

"I'd like to play pro ball for four or five years, but I'd like to sing professionally, too," said Quarterback **Jim Weatherly** after completing an evening of musical passes at the Fiesta Lounge in Biloxi, Miss. "I'm supposed to cut my first record soon, and I've written a few songs I'd like to get published." But what about keeping in shape for Ole

Miss? "Well, I get more sleep now than I did last summer when I was on the night shift loading freight in Florida," explained the 6-foot 183-pounder.

In all the far-fetched metaphors attached to America's Cup racing, it probably has never occurred to anyone to compare the hardships of a cup crew with those visited on members of the foreign legion. But it soon may. Aboard the British 12-meter yacht *Kwrevo*, salty tars eager to be picked as challenger obeyed the orders of her skipper, British Army Colonel **Robert (Stug) Perry**, and his second in command, Major General **Ralph Farrant**, without a whimper. But on hearing that *Sovereign* was the chosen boat, the first action of *Kwrevo's* crew was to leap overboard to the strains of an old English song: *We Don't Want to Join the Army*.

If a baseball man like **Walter O'Malley** can hunt big game, why can't a football man like **Joe Foss**? To answer the question

himself, the American Football League Commissioner and a friend, Actor **Bob Stack**, headed into the Kenya jungle and emerged with a live-ton elephant, a Cape buffalo, a black-maned lion and an assortment of wart hogs, gazelles, zebras, impalas and elands. "Everything there either bites, sticks or eats you," said Foss, "but we really thoroughly enjoyed our first trip to Africa."

While two PT boats hovered close by, **Fidel Castro** removed his olive-green jacket, pulled up his olive-green trunks, fixed his face mask, strapped a knife around his calf and dove into the clear waters off Cuba for some spearfishing. He hit a bluefish, missed a shark and then landed an 80-pound black grouper. Satisfied, he climbed back on board his cabin cruiser to return home. "Sometimes," said the dictator, dreamily stretching out on the deck, "I think I would like to be Robinson Crusoe. Just go away on an island and live in the outdoors."



## A Kansas boy with a man-size task

*This week in Los Angeles, 135 athletes will be competing for 60 positions on the U.S. Olympic track and field team. Some of them—such as Dyrol Burleson, Bob Schall and Henry Carr—have already clinched a spot on the team, provided they are still in good shape, by virtue of their victories in the Olympic trials in New York last July. Others, like Tom O'Hara, Fred Hunter and Gerry Ludwig, are almost certain of making the team. Then there is a third group, those who may—or may not—be just a step behind the others. One such athlete is 17-year-old Jim Ryun, a 1,500-meter runner who just two years ago had never run a race.*

Last June at Compton, Calif. Jim Ryun, a tall, quiet, loose-limbed youngster with a flattop haircut (see cover), finished eighth in a one-mile race. This apparently unspectacular result nevertheless prompted the winner, Dyrol Burleson, to remark: "There was nothing unusual about my victory. The entire story was back in eighth place. There is simply no way to imagine how good Jim Ryun is or how far he will go after he becomes an adult. What he did was more significant than Roger Bannister's first mile under four minutes."

What Ryun had done was run a mile in 3:59 only six weeks after his 17th birthday. It was the first time in history that a high school boy had broken four minutes. In doing so he achieved one of the two goals that he and his coach at Wichita's East High, Bob Timmons, had set for him earlier in the year. The other was to make the 1964 U.S. Olympic team, running in the 1,500 meters. This week young Jim Ryun will get his chance

**ON A LONELY ROAD** in his native Kansas, young Ryun trains for his day in the spotlight.



It will not be easy. Ryun has never beaten Burleson, nor has he beaten Tom O'Hara or Jim Grelle. However, when he ran the 1,500 in the national AAU meet in late June, he finished fourth in 3:39, just a 10th of a second behind Grelle. Ryun has beaten Archie San Romani Jr. and Bob Day, who will also be trying for an Olympic berth, but they have beaten him too. It is obvious then to both Ryun and Coach Timmons that to make the team, Jim must run the finest race of his young life.

Finest does not necessarily mean fastest. Ryun thinks Burleson, with his tremendous finishing speed, quite likely will prefer a slow race ending in an all-or-nothing dash to the tape. O'Hara, Ryun believes, will set a fast pace all the way. That is what Ryun hopes will happen. A fault apparent so far in Ryun's brief career is his inability to recover speed after he tires. In a 100-yard sprint for the finish, he might be left behind, but both he and Timmons figure that in what they call a "quality mile," one that is fast all the way, Jim should have as much strength left at the end as anyone.

Ryun has been in strict training for his big race since mid-August, when he left home in Wichita and went to Lawrence, Kans., site of the University of Kansas. He has been living there with Timmons and his family—Timmons has been made assistant track coach at Kansas, a move the university hopes will attract Ryun in a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. Jim says very little, but in the company of close friends such as the Timmonses he shows a sly, low-key sense of humor. Recently, when asked if he liked the meals Mrs. Timmons was serving, Ryun said "I have no complaints. The only things I don't like are cucumbers and" stopping to let the effect mount—"coaches."

Ryun does not limit his terseness to the spoken word. He keeps a diary but in it are found none of the customary references to girls, the Beatles, secret dreams or dashed hopes, no exulting at success. Here is the complete entry for June 27, written after the national AAU meet. "I feel great. I have that funny feeling that I can win. Easy striding until

continued



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## TRACK continued

loose. Then a few calisthenics until loose and a few sprints. Mentally I'm ready. I placed fourth in 3.39 flat. I was under old American citizens' record. Easy striding to warm down."

Then, the entire entry for the next day: "Ran five miles at a good pace on school grounds."

On June 5, after becoming the first schoolboy to break four minutes in the mile, this was all Ryun had to say: "Ran mile at Compton in 3:59 flat. Did striding and sprints. My warmup was not good, and I was bumped off the track."

Those entries reflect a central fact about Ryun: at this stage of his life he has only one consuming, passionate interest—running—and nothing else has ever engaged so much of him. He has never cared particularly for other sports. He has never collected stamps or robbed birds' nests. He likes girls, but he has never gone steady. He does attend the Church of Christ faithfully, twice on Sunday and every Wednesday, but unlike many youths he goes to church solely as a matter of faith, having no interests in church-centered secular activities for young people.

But intense as it is, Ryun's interest in track has been acquired so recently that Timmons thinks one of the most important steps in preparing Ryun for the Olympic trials is to make him comprehend the importance and the significance of the Olympic Games themselves. Ryun readily acknowledges that in 1960 he cared nothing about the Olympics simply because he was only 13 and had never heard of them.

It was not until the spring of 1962 that Ryan, then attending Curtis Junior High School in Wichita, had a try at track. Since he lacked sprinting speed, he went out for the longest available event, the 440-yard dash, but his best time of 58.5 was hardly spectacular. The next fall he entered East High and again went out for track. He impressed no one immediately, least of all Coach Timmons.

"I didn't even know how to spell his name for the first part of the season," Timmons recalls. "I thought it was Ryan or Rhine or Rhone or something like that. So did a lot of people for a while. But somewhere along midseason he worked his way onto the B cross-country team, and when we went to Shawnee Mission for an invitational meet, Jim took first place. After that he moved quickly up to the A squad, and about a



month later he placed sixth in the Class A state meet."

Within five months Timmons realized that he had the makings of a real star. Jim won the second competitive mile he ever ran in a respectable 4:26.4.

"After that race," Timmons recalls, "I took Jim aside and told him that eventually he would be a four-minute miler, and that I hoped he would be the first high school boy to break four minutes. But you don't just happen to reach a great goal. You plan, you work. From that second meet on, I urged Jim to think not like a high school sophomore but like a four-minute miler."

Timmons, a short, energetic man, laid out a strenuous routine for Ryan. On a typical day, Ryan would get up at 5 in the morning and carry papers over a 12-block route. Then he would go home, put on running togs and jog at least six miles through the streets. In the afternoon he would work on the track, either before or after delivering his papers. Ryan will not discuss it now, but in his early running days he confided to Coach Timmons that he often grew discouraged, especially on rainy, cold and snowy mornings, running through the streets with no one to cheer him or care, no one to watch him except an occasional early riser who looked upon him as a freak.

As he started to improve, Ryan became desperately fearful that he might give evidence of conceit. In an airplane on the way to Modesto, Calif. in May, he fell into conversation with the stewardess and told her where he was going. By coincidence he encountered the same girl on the way back after he had pressed O'Hara and Burleson and run a 4:01.7 mile, almost two seconds faster than any school boy had ever run the distance.

"How did you do?" the girl asked. "I finished third," Ryan told her, with no elaboration.

Since the Olympic trials early in July, where he finished fourth behind Burleson, O'Hara and Grelle, Ryan has taken it easy just one week—when he ran only 40 miles. He has been doing 106 miles a week since then.

Late in August, Timmons put Ryan through a workout with emphasis on his weakness, speed recovery in the face of fatigue. The session took place late in the afternoon on the track in the University of Kansas stadium, ringed by 45,000 gray and empty seats. It had been

*continued*



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## TRACK

90° early in the afternoon, and it was still 87. Already that morning Jim had been up at 7:30 and run six miles over the rolling pasture land and rutted and stony roads near the Timmons' house. He had come back, eaten a breakfast of cereal, toast, milk and orange juice. He spent the morning doing the odd jobs that any accommodating boy without a regular summer job does around the house. He carried in bags of groceries for Mrs. Timmons, put a sickle bar on a small tractor and adjusted a power mower, ate Swiss steak and drank iced tea for lunch, then watched television in a desultory way. Around 5, Timmons drove him to the stadium. Waiting there to work out with Ryun was Bill Dotson, himself a sub-four-minute miler. Dotson now lives in Lawrence and is preparing for the indoor track season.

Dressed in sweat clothes, Ryun and Dotson began by striding a mile and doing loosening-up exercises. Already drenched with sweat, they stripped to shorts and T-shirts and ran four 110-yard and four 60-yard sprints. They followed these with a fast 1,320 and a strided 880. Next they ran two 660s with a four-minute interval, counting the times of the 660s. Then came another strided 880. Next four 330s within three minutes, followed by another strided 880. Now they did six 100s in two minutes and eight 60s within one minute.

At that point Ryun complained of sore calves and asked if the workout could be curtailed. Timmons said no, but promised him a whirlpool bath after practice. "I've a surprise for you," he said. "I'm going to open the gates and let you run a little outside."

At the top of a fairly steep hill, visible through the stadium's open end, stands a memorial campanile. It was at least a third of a mile from the stadium. "Run up there and back four times," Timmons ordered.

With a trace of acerbity Ryun suggested, "You'd better call your wife and tell her we'll be home for dinner at 8:30 instead of 7:30 like you told her."

"Why don't you tell that to Jim Grelle?" Timmons countered. "Maybe he'll send you a postcard from Tokyo." Ryun smiled and bounded off up the hill with renewed speed and determination. Timmons' session on speed recovery was an apparent success.

Ryun runs with a short stride, his knee lift never exaggerated. He is 6 feet

*continued*



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2 inches and 150 pounds and has been described as "a stork in shorts." His legs, not heavily muscled, appear slender but strong. His running is fluid and limber, marred only by his habit of turning his head from side to side as he runs. Timmons is trying to break this habit, reasoning that it uses up energy and that the repeated head motion can lead to nausea.

Ryun so far outclassed his school rivals that only in the last six months has he acquired a body of experience in running against other men instead of against a watch. "He has lacked the initiative to take the lead in a race and that cost him in the first Olympic trials," Timmons says. "He has had trouble stumbling, too. Gerry Lindgren beat him in a two-mile when he fell. He stumbled and fell off the track at Compton. He stumbled at the National AAU—ran too close to the curb. You know Burleson was kind enough to tell him right during the race, 'Jim, run wider, or you'll stumble again.' I'm trying to correct all these things, but remember, Jim's like so many tall teenagers at the awkward stage."

Almost every day in the last few weeks Timmons and Ryun have discussed strategy and tactics for the Olympic trials. They talk about when Jim should make his move if it turns into a slow race and what position he should try to hold if it is a fast one. As the day of the trials approached, Timmons was contending with one psychological problem which beset the coaches of few other Olympic track and field aspirants. Ryun is so young that it would be easy and perhaps natural for him to cherish the belief that if he does not make the team this year, he will probably have at least two more good tries at it. Some well-meaning friends have been telling Jim just that. But Timmons will have none of it. "I've told Jim that a lot could happen between now and 1968 and 1972," he says. "He could get the mumps, be run over by a truck or come up with a bad stomach the day of the trials in 1968 or 1972."

Timmons seems to have made his point. "I'm going to try my hardest for the team this year," Jim said shortly before departing for Los Angeles. "A lot can happen between now and 1968 or 1972. I might get the mumps, be run over by a truck, come up with a stomach-ache ..."

Jim Ryun is ready to make his big effort now.

END

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## The winner from the wrong side of the barn

Earlier in the week Johnny Simpson put an impostor in Ayres's stall to keep admirers from annoying his colt. But on Hambletonian Day, Simpson drove the right horse

There are 11,988 reasons for losing a Hambletonian." Lawrence Sheppard remarked before the trotting classic last week, "and I've used a good many of them." But when the 1964 race was over and the 20,000 spectators had turned away from trackside—back to the mid-way and livestock shows at the Du Quoin (Ill.) State Fair—Sheppard and his wife were drinking bubbly, and eight other owners were looking for the excuses.

There was only one. They were beaten by the best 3-year-old trotter in the land, Mrs. Sheppard's Ayres. The tiny bay spitfire took the \$115,281 classic in straight heats, smushed the stakes record and equaled Speedy Scot's world record race time of 1:56 1/5. The performance was so spectacular that it moistened the palms of raceway executives who were resigned to running a weekly dole for trotting's current king, Speedy Scot. This new Hambletonian winner will give the old Hambletonian winner a tussle.

Ayres arrived in Du Quoin a heavy favorite. He had trounced every 3-year-old good enough to be on the same track at the same time, but a few horsemen remained unconvinced. Billy Haughton's colt, Speedy Count, had beaten Ayres the only time they had raced under heat conditions. The winner of The Hambletonian must win two heats, and Haughton was confident his strong black colt would get better the farther they went. Wisconsin-owned Speedy Rodney was also considered a threat. The huge bay was unraced at 2 but came to Du Quoin with a record of 10 wins in 18 races and a trail of eastern horsemen begging to buy him—for \$100,000, \$150,000, or whatever price the colt's owners would name. They refused to sell. Of the other colts in the field only Dartmouth and Big John had any reason to be there, and Big John was nearly eliminated when he suffered spasmodic colic the evening before The Hambletonian.

Trainer Johnny Simpson warmed Ayres up, as he always does, directly behind a stablemate. The colt elected for this honor at Du Quoin was Toreador Hanover, a bay pacer who early in the week had held court in the Simpson barn in a stall carefully labeled "Ayres." Toreador had received the oohs and adulation and had pricked his ears and posed for cameras from Chittysville, Crab Orchard and places east, while Ayres relaxed undisturbed on the other side of the barn.

The record-breaking performance was anticipated. As Dartmouth's trainer-driver, Ralph Baldwin, said before The Hambletonian, "I've seen them drive in this race like it was the last one on earth." And that, precisely, is the way Billy Shuter drove Speedy Rodney in the first heat. His colt was considered a late finisher, but Shuter threw away past performances; at the start he charged from his No. 8 post across the field and into the lead. Ayres, starting just inside Speedy Rodney, was aimed in the same direction, but he took a few bad steps and for a moment, as Simpson described it later, "went out of gear. I don't know what it was, a shadow, manure, something. I hadn't made up my mind about going to the front when it happened. There was an opening on the rail." But Ayres recovered quickly. Speedy Rodney went the half in a blistering 57 1/2. Speedy Count, Dartmouth and Big John were strung out behind him. Ayres was fifth. Turning for home, Haughton moved out to overtake Shuter, and Ayres was now right behind. They stormed into the straight three wide, and when Ayres looked a certain winner deep in the stretch, Big John loomed up in the middle of the track, closing fast. He was a length short of Ayres at the wire, but a length ahead of Speedy Count.

Simpson, who is usually taciturn and

*continued*



CHALLENGED BY BIG JOHN (LEFT), SIMPSON URGES AYRES TO SECOND-HEAT WIN

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## HARNESS RACING

cautious, came back declaring, "He'll break 1:56 yet [Greyhound's record mark is 1:55 1/4]. I lost a fifth, maybe two, by that bad step." Ayres had gone the last half in a remarkable 56 .

Between heats Houghton munched on a Popsicle and held his fingers up to his ears as he explained, "I got a grin this wide when I saw Ayres go off stride. I looked over and said, 'Goodby, Johnny,' but I wasn't smiling when he pased me in the stretch." Back under a shed, young Eddie Wheeler put ice packs on Big John's legs. "I feel like a winner to finish second to Ayres," he told everyone around. Then he pointed at Simpson's colt and said to his own, "Take a look at him, John."

In the second heat Wheeler's colt had a good look. He followed Ayres, who lay off the pace set first by Dartmouth, then by Speedy Count. But a horse broke in front of Big John on the far turn, and Ayres stole away. About 30 yards from the wire, Big John ranged up alongside. Simpson hollered and hit Ayres and the little boy went under the wire a neck ahead, in 1:58 1/2.

After the presentation ceremonies Lawrence Sheppard perched on the tailgate of a jeep and rode down the track. People called out, "Shep, how about a match race? How about Speedy Scott?" The master of Hanover Shoe Farm and the owner of four Hambo winners looked serious. "It wouldn't be exactly fair to Speedy Scott," he said. Bystanders chuckled. "That's true," Shep continued, "because Speedy Scott has those rich raceway stakes coming up." The closest the two colts will get to each other, at least this year, will be to appear on the same program. On September 19 both race at Roosevelt Raceway, and on October 9 at Lexington Speedy Scott will attempt to break Greyhound's record in a time trial, while Ayres will be shooting at the same record and the Triple Crown in the Kentucky Futurity.

In the meantime, though, Ayres has made all the Sheppards happy and proud, and he may also cause some disorder around the house in Hanover, Pa. After the victory Lawrence Sheppard's patient wife Charlotte remarked, "You should see our motel room. It's piled high with newspapers that I was afraid to read before the race. But I sure will keep everybody awake tonight." There may be a lot more newspapers and a lot less sleep in Hanover in the year ahead.

END



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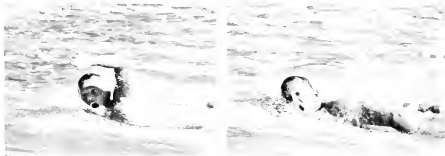
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## How they chose the best team of all time

There were surprises: some favorites lost, other swimmers unexpectedly won. But when the Olympic trials were over, it was evident that the U.S. had a superteam, even if problems did lie ahead for the divers



ROY SAARI. THE POWERFUL UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA JUNIOR SHOWN HERE SURGING THROUGH THE WATER, WAS THE STAR

Put an American swimmer in a bathtub and he will set a record of some sort. For six days, ending last Thursday, 380 of this country's best swimmers thrashed around in something considerably larger than a bathtub—the sprawling million-gallon pool in Astoria, Queens, just a short crawl across the East River from Manhattan. When the last splash had died away, the results were remarkable, even for these record-soaked athletes. Setting five world marks, they succeeded in whaling their numbers down to a hard core of men and women who now comprise the finest swimming team ever assembled. The divers, selected at the same meet, are considered equally good. Even the winning El Segundo, Calif., water polo team promises to be the best the U.S. has sent to the Olympics in years.

For those close to the sport, there were a number of surprises. While Donna de Varona (SI, April 16, 1962), Marilyn Ramenofsky and Sharon Stouder won their specialties as expected, Ted Stickle and Carolyn House failed to make the Olympic team, and Don Schollander (SI, Aug. 10), Sharon Finneran and Carl Robie settled for runner-up spots. But rather

than portents of disasters to come, the failures and near failures were only added proof of the competitiveness of the swimmers. Although it is certain that many gold medals will be won by the U.S. in Tokyo, there is no assurance the winners of last week will get them. They could lose to their teammates.

Two of the most impressive performances, probably because they were unexpected, belonged to Breaststroker Chet Jastremski and Roy Saari. Jastremski is 23 and currently the only student in the Indiana University graduate school working for an M.D. and LL.D. at the same time. Having retired from swimming to better cope with these labors, he got that old feeling only a few months ago and somehow found time for serious training. At Astoria he won the 200 meters and in the process cut the world record by 1.4 to 2:28.2.

Saari's accomplishments were even more spectacular. A 19-year-old junior in the University of Southern California, he became the Roger Bannister of the metric mile in water by covering the distance in less than 17 minutes (16:58.7). Saari (pronounced sorry) also qualified

for two other Olympic assignments by finishing first in the 400-meter freestyle (he overtook Schollander in the final 30 meters) and placing second in the 400-meter individual medley. All of Saari's performances might have been predictable except that he was playing water polo even after the swimming began, and the training is different for the two sports.

Playing is not the exact word for what Saari was doing with the El Segundo water polo team. Whipping up and down the pool with commanding power, he was easily the outstanding performer on his team in the five-day tournament and made the Olympics as a water poloist. Since nobody is permitted on both the swimming and water polo teams, Saari will represent the U.S. as a swimmer. A Saari will be on the polo team, though, and in fact two more will go to Tokyo. Roy's father, Urho, coach of the winning El Segundo team, automatically qualifies as coach of the Olympic squad. And Roy's 16-year-old brother Bob plays for El Segundo.

With the trials over, Roy Saari felt more relaxed than he had in months of pressured swimming. Not only had he

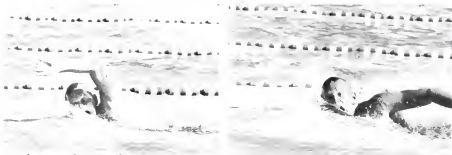
endured the dual assignment, but this summer he took on an eight-hour-a-day job as a lifeguard. "I had nightmares about it all," he said. "But I needed the money for a car and dates."

Saari's victories at 400 and 1,500 meters were markedly different from the first one of his career, at age 5. "It was a 6-and-under race, a 25-yard freestyle,"

the U.S. team but, by the margin of a splashy plop and a bent toe, did not. Bob Webster, gold medalist off the 10-meter board at Rome, is one who did. So did Jeanne Collier and Ken Sitzberger, Stiem preconsorts who combine gymnastic ability with a flowing sense of grace; they all should do as well as their predecessors in the Games. The enormous

1948 and 1952 "She was favoring her people over the others again."

This time something was done. "After the first four dives, Phil Mortality [coach of the U.S. men divers] and I officially protested," said Dr. Lee, drawing himself up to his full 5 feet 1½ inches. "No one wanted to believe us and we said we would apologize if we were wrong. Her



OF THE OLYMPIC TRIALS, WINNER IN TWO EVENTS, SECOND IN ANOTHER, HE ALSO LED HIS WATER POLO TEAM TO AN OLYMPIC BERTH

he recalls. "There was only one other entry and he scratched. I was very nervous when I got up on the blocks. Halfway down the pool I got tangled up in the lane lines and a guard had to jump in and get me. I didn't finish the race but they gave me the medal anyway."

As good as the swimmers are, they have never approached the almost complete dominance of their sport that the divers enjoy. In the nine Olympics since World War I, American men have won 17 of 18 possible gold medals in diving, U.S. women 15 of 18. "We're so good it's fantastic," Princeton Coach Bob Clotworthy said at the trials. "If we sent over our 25 best divers to the Games they'd probably all finish in the top 35 of the world." The same can be said for the women. Unfortunately, one country can enter a maximum of six men and six women in the Olympic springboard and platform diving competition. Since some divers make the team in both events, the number who actually get to the Games is further reduced.

This was brought home especially hard to Rick Gilbert and Bernie Wrightson, who were among the favorites to make

fact is, however, that they may very well not, and the reason does not stem from sharpened competition from abroad or from any lessening of their own skills. U.S. diving officials have become increasingly concerned over the judging at international meets, and they wonder openly whether the U.S. will not, after some close calls, finally be victimized.

Their fears began at Helsinki in 1952. There, as British Diving Expert Pat Bedford wrote, a Russian woman judge "was always half a mark higher for her own competitors, and half a mark down for their most dangerous rivals." The International Swimming Federation (FINA) ignored the complaint.

At Melbourne in 1956 the judging was so bad that fans booed loud and long. "A Russian woman and a Hungarian judge were in collusion," says Clotworthy, who won the gold medal in the springboard event that year. "It was the worst judging I've ever seen."

Their complaints were ignored.

"That same Russian woman who was judging in Helsinki was a judge in Rome," said Dr. Sammy Lee, U.S. winner of gold medals in high diving in

scores were checked and she was removed from the judging immediately."

But the woman may be back. She is still listed by FINA as an approved official. So will some American judges who, according to Dr. Lee, err in the opposite direction. "Our judges," he says, "try to be like Uncle Sam—help others. And like all Olympic judges they try to stick to the middle. They won't score a bad dive as low as it should be nor a good dive as high as it should be. So it is hard for a good diver to pull away from a bad one and if he has one really bad dive he's liable to lose."

These problems may become aggravated because of the U.S.'s long domination of the sport. As Hobbs Billingsley, the Indiana diving coach, says, "It's human nature to root for the underdog, so when anyone good comes along to challenge our divers they jump on him and yell their heads off. They want to see someone besides an American get that gold medal. To win in Tokyo we will have to be supreme."

Well, supreme it will be, despite the built-in alibis. The divers are saving nothing. They are getting ready. **END**

Stephens. *Eagle's* rudder area was likewise reduced.

For America's Cup candidates the final trials are different from the earlier series as the cup matches are from the finals. Crews who have survived all of them find the final trials the most harrowing. Earlier there is a feeling that mistakes can be rectified, lessons stored against the future, but suddenly—as the boats approach the line each day for what might be a last starting gun—the tension that has been building through the dedicated months becomes almost unbearable. It sweeps out from the racing boats to the spectator fleet in waves almost as tangible as those lifting the hulls, and even touches the gentlemen of the selection committee, intent on spotting every error that the crews are so afraid of making.

On opening day, Monday, Aug. 17, *Constellation* was matched against *Columbia*, *American Eagle* against *Nefertiti*. And under a murky sky, in a light southeasterly breeze, the first strokes of doom sounded for the two older boats. *Constellation* trounced her elder sister soundly, while *American Eagle* simply flew away from *Nefertiti*. Next day, as the older and the newer boats sailed in pairs, what might have developed into a close race between *Constellation* and *American Eagle* was spoiled in its initial stages when a splice pulled out of the latter's genoa halyard, dumping the sail into the water. By the time another jib was set and drawing, it was no longer a contest. Fluky winds turned it into a rout of 11 minutes 42 seconds—with *Nefertiti* heaping insult on the wounded bird by finishing ahead of her, while even *Columbia* threatened to go past. It was the last moment of glory for the older boats, though. On Wednesday and Thursday both were again outclassed, and that evening the selection committee eliminated them.

While *Nefertiti's* skipper, Ted Hood, could have had no quarrel with the decision, he might be forgiven a round seaman's oath at the weather gods. In two years of final trials *Nefertiti* had yet to come to the starting line in enough breeze to blow a handkerchief off a deck. Co-Owner E. Ross Anderson accepted the decision graciously, merely commenting, "I wish we'd had more variation in wind"—the understatement of the season.

Now the stage was set for what has

come to be called "the final finals," the ultimate contests when the choice has been narrowed to two boats, match-racing each day under cup conditions. A magnificent stage it is, possibly the finest in the world for round-the-buoy competition. Centered on a special orange-and-white mark placed nine miles south-southeast of Brenton Reef Light, it offers open water in every direction, shallow enough for anchoring, yet far enough offshore to be free of wind deflection and strong currents. As nearly as is possible in the tricky sport of sailboat racing, it eliminates luck and the need for local knowledge.

The first meeting was worthy of the setting. It was a day of morning haze burned away by a sun that still looked frosty, and a lazy silver groundswell ruffled by a light sou'wester. *Constellation* started near the committee boat, *Eagle* near the buoy. Cox apparently was in the driver's seat, to windward and a little ahead. But then *Constellation* began to eat up to weather, pointing higher while footing faster. Within 10 minutes Bavier had achieved a position where wind bouncing off his mainsail was hurting *Eagle*, forcing her to tack. This might have been the end for *Eagle*, but instead there began a series of maneuvers as intricate and perfectly planned as moves in a game of chess, moves with which Cox maintained a slim lead over a faster boat and finished by forcing *Constellation* to dip under *Eagle's* stern and follow her around the mark by 12 seconds.

For two spinnaker reaches, the next windward leg and the dead run prescribed for the 24.3-mile Olympic course, the two boats were almost close enough to be covered by a circus tent. When they began the final beat *Eagle* had led around all five marks, but her nemesis was only 25 seconds behind. Now it was Bob Bavier's turn to join battle, which he did by inaugurating a tacking duel. Each time they came about, *Constellation* gained a trifle, and each time she had her wind clear her phenomenal ability to look high and go there was apparent. Nor did she seem to be slowed by the seas as much as her rival. She plunged noticeably less than *Eagle*—which helped to explain why her late-season performance in the open sea was better than her earlier showing on the smooth waters of Long Island Sound. As Briggs Cunningham commented, "*Constellation* looks like an eight-eared

shell that shoots ahead between strokes. There is no jerking. She doesn't stop when she hits a sea—she cuts through." After 17 tacks *Constellation* had driven through in a series of maneuvers as brilliant as those of Cox on the first leg. Bavier attaining the point where *Eagle* was forced to break away. After a long starboard hitch, *Constellation* had gained so much that Cox in desperation started a series of tacks himself, but to no avail. He trailed across the finish line by one minute 8 seconds. That night no one had to ung the winch pumps to sleep. Olin Stephens, watching from the tender *Chaperone*, recorded that *Constellation* had tacked 80 times in the three weather legs: 15 on the first, 21 on the second and 44 on the third.

It was this race that made me as an observer feel that *Constellation* would end on top, although the seesaw wasn't yet quite balanced. *Eagle* still led 7-6 for the season, but it was apparent that the cockpit triumvirate of Bavier, Stephens and Ridder not only was unswayed by Cox but capable of giving as good as it got. Sails and sail handling seemed about equal, except that *Constellation* had the edge on the tacks by being able to trim faster and gather way more quickly. Most of all, I was impressed by the look of *Constellation* as she went through the water, even in comparison with what unquestionably was an outstanding design by Luders in *Eagle*. It seemed to me that Stephens' boat should have to pay for her close-windedness by moving more slowly than a boat driving off, but she didn't—a tremendous advantage over the Olympic course, 55% of which must be sailed to windward.

This quality was painfully apparent to Bill Cox the next time they met, Monday, Aug. 24. Although *Eagle* had the best of the start, within 10 minutes Bavier had squeezed up from leeward to force Cox about, killed an attempted tacking duel by gaining on each hitch and led by one minute 29 seconds at the mark. *Eagle* got back some on the reaches, but *Constellation* sailed the next windward leg 2 minutes 32 seconds faster, added more on the run and wound up victor over a shortened course by 4 minutes 15 seconds. When the *Constellation* crew tied up at the Newport Shipyard it was greeted by a prophecy crudely handwritten on the wall of a storage locker by one of the yard workmen: "Eagle feathers for sale cheap." Under-

continued

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### ON A SEESAW

meath was pasted plumage from a molting sea gull. The Bird was flying high no longer.

Unfortunately, anticlimax set in. *Eagle* received a lay day to test sails, fog blotted out another race and lack of wind on the third day saw *Constellatus* win over a shortened course. On Friday there were whitecaps for a change, a 15-mile southeasterly blowing at the start. After sparring, *Constellatus* broke on top when *Eagle* was early and had to run down. Billy Luders had come aboard to replace Bill Stetson in the cockpit, for it was felt by all hands that this might be the big one. But his presence was of no avail. *Constellatus* still ate out to windward during the first leg, protected her lead downwind, added more on the next upwind hitch and received the gun by 2 minutes 5 seconds. On the way home the *Constellatus* crew tidied ship, on the chance that the selection committee might feel like paying a call.

The only thing that came visiting was fog—that night, the next day, the next and the next. Newport's normal summertime "smoky sou'westers" had gone to warmer climes, and fronts stalled before reaching the coast. Instead, a clammy gruel rolled in straight off the Grand Banks, fog so thick that even the Jamestown ferry had trouble finding her slip.

It finally lifted on Tuesday and *American Eagle* snapped her losing streak. After waiting two hours for wind, the race committee anchored in desperation in a faint northeasterly slant, which died as the boats tried to start. Five minutes later the wind came back from almost due east. *Eagle* got it first and took off. As the breeze gamboled around the compass, the planned beat became a reach, the first reaching leg a run and the second reach a beat. *Eagle* led at that point by approximately 100 yards. On arriving at the buoy, she flattened down on the port tack. When *Constellatus* came on the wind, she promptly split. To the surprise of all beholders, *Eagle* let her go unmolested, preferring to take a chance on a favorable slant rather than to risk covering. The gamble worked, even though it violated the tenets of match racing, and *Eagle* arrived first at the weather mark and the finish.

Finally, on Wednesday, a good breeze struck in, not the hard test that the committee had been hanging on to get, but enough to be indicative of the rivals' capacities in heavier blows. In an easterly

wind touching 15 knots both skippers got away with clear air after being early and having to dip down to restart. *Constellatus* lost no time in working out as decisively as she had done in lighter going. Navigator Rod Stephens, taking bearings every two minutes, found that *Eagle* had dropped back 15° by the time of his first reading, and another 8° in the next two minutes. According to his figures, *Constellatus* had built up a lead of 300 yards after 33 minutes, a lead that increased as they went around the course to 1,540 yards at the finish—three-quarters of a mile in distance, four minutes 29 seconds in time, enough to settle any doubts. Thus it worked out that 15 races were sailed before the pivot date of the Cantas Cup and 15 after. The Bird had been on the top of the seesaw with a clean sweep of the first half, but *Constellatus* had gone to the top with all but two of the late-season matches, when they counted the most.

Now all *Constellatus* needs to do is prove her superiority next week over an English boat that, for the first time in the history of cup racing, earned her right to challenge in a series of trials held in U.S. waters—trials that in curious ways paralleled the seesaw course of the Americans. The two English boats, *Sovereign* and *Karriena V*, were both designed by David Boyd, and much of the time they sailed as tightly matched as a pair of one-designs. By mid-August they were tied at 12 victories each. But by last week *Sovereign* had moved ahead in the waters off Newport with 19 wins to *Karriena's* 14. Perhaps more significantly, she had won 10 of the 14 late-season races sailed in American waters. Two days after the Americans picked *Constellatus* the British picked *Sovereign* as the boat to beat her.

It seems to me a sound choice, not only because of *Sovereign's* record but because of the way people connected with her have gone about the serious job of organizing a boat for cup competition. Anthony Boyden's crew program began in '59, the year after the *Scuttle* debacle, when he asked Rugby Football Player Paul Anderson to get together "a few husky chaps who were also sailors" who would devote their summers to practice and then take six months off for a cup campaign when a boat was ready. Anderson enlisted three fellow members of the Harlequins, a leading Rugby club of England, and they worked out

Continued



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ON A SEESAW continued

on the old 12-meter *Flica II* until *Sovereign* came along. Because some of her men were well known individually as land athletes, the publicity about them has obscured the fact that together they have become a well-rounded and well-drilled crew that also includes some of *Sceptre's* Scottish team from the Clyde.

*Sovereign's* helmsman, Peter Scott, is a man of almost Renaissance talents: painter, ornithologist, writer, champion glider pilot and president of yachting's highest forum, the International Yacht Racing Union. Most important right now is the fact that he is also an astute tactician with a good feel for a boat. Backing him up is Sailmaker Bruce Banks, who supervises the trim of sails he made himself as well as advising on tactics. Thus Scott is free to concentrate on the helm and maneuvers.

While it is impossible to say how good the hull of either *Sovereign* or *Kareena* might be in comparison with *Constellation*, all other things being equal, it is an open secret that tank tests at Stevens Institute showed the Boyd models to be better than anything developed prior to the American vessels of '64. Therefore it is to be assumed that the British representative will not be radically outbuilt, although I must confess believing *Constellation* comes as close to being a design breakthrough as is possible under the 12-meter rule.

It is above decks that the difference will be most apparent. Sails are vital. America's Ted Hood has established an unquestioned mastery in this realm. In early-season practice on the Solent, where *Kareena* was using Hood sails, she beat *Sovereign*; when she was not the might or might not win, but the difference in her performance was noticeable. Since then, the British have engaged in a crash program to get better sails. Whether they have succeeded, and how much so, remains perhaps the biggest question to be decided as they race round the buoys next week.

In fact, quite a few questions will be resolved over the cup courses which can be answered no other way. Although the crystal ball in Newport has been obscured by the weather, I say the America's Cup is destined to remain on its pedestal on this side of the Atlantic. Peter Scott says not. The only certain thing is that both sides want the better boat to win—and each side hopes it has the better boat.

END



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# SOUNDS AND HOUNDS



*In south central Texas the wolf hunt survives as a living fragment of a wild past. Dogs, pickup trucks, campfires and an occasional howl in the desolate night are the background for hunters' tales of wily predators made even more clever by civilization*

BY JACK OLSEN

## OF A TEXAS WOLF HUNT



CONTINUED



In the classic movie scene Spencer Lovingcup is reading in his study late at night, crinkling clouds of pipe smoke and ponderous respectability in equal measure, when a mournful howl is heard in the distance. Spencer drops his book and listens, a stricken look on his face, as the cry is heard again. Now the film begins to flicker, and with each flicker we observe a subtle difference in our hero. Hair has begun to sprout from his ears, fangs are seen emerging from his mouth, his face is turning into a jungle of fur. Suddenly he grunts, springs to his feet and plunges out the window, a leap made all the more exciting by the fact that the window is closed. And now we know the truth, the harrowing truth that made us cough up our two hits' admission in the first place: Spencer Lovingcup is a werewolf.

Earl Needham, a middle-aged cattleman from the little cow town of Flatonia, Texas, is in no immediate peril of being mistaken for a werewolf, though even his best friends would have to admit that there are points of resemblance. At night long strings of empties rattle through Flatonia, and when the engineers whistle for the crossing there often is heard an answering call from out on the range. The wolves of Texas, after all these years, are still inclined to think of

the night trains as brethren, and their answering howls easily could be taken from the sound track of a werewolf movie. No hair grows on Earl Needham's face when these cries are heard across the prairie, but in other respects he is likely to emulate our movie hero. Carefully remembering to open the door first, Needham rushes into the night, jumps into his pickup truck, drives out to his camp house, assembles his pack of hounds and rides to the hunt.

To those who were under the impression that the wolf is merely a wise apple who tried to con Little Red Riding Hood and then scampered right off the pages of history, let it be observed that as many as several thousand of the animals may still be found in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and the Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas. These are red wolves, *Canis ruger*, 35 to 80 pounds heavy, elusive of habit, destructive of goats and sheep and sleep, and as savagely brilliant an animal as lives. The mere fact of his existence, after hundreds of years of unremitting attack by man is a testimonial to the wolf's sagacity. Ever since Roger Williams told his fellow Puritans to regard the animal as "a fierce, bloodsucking persecutor" the American wolf has been shot, poisoned, trapped and clubbed with abandon.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

continued



The gray wolf, larger of the two North American species, beat a retreat to Canada and a few outposts in Mexico. But the red wolf remained, and indeed in some areas—like east central Texas—his tribe is momentarily prospering, all of which is perfectly satisfactory to Earl Needham and his cronies.

To understand wolf hunters like Needham, one first has to throw out all previous conceptions of hunting. Wolf hunting is a visual and an auditory experience, an affair of the senses. No shots are fired, and there is no ridiculous stomping through jungles and forests. Mainly, wolf hunters spectate. In the absence of train whistles they drive their pickups to the outback, sound loud police sirens across the night, listen for answering cries from wolves and then release their hounds as close to the wolves as possible, all in the hope of starting a "race," the long run that may take wolf and hounds 100 miles in diminishing circles before the quarry goes down in a frenzy of snapping teeth or, as is more commonly the case, until the wolf gets away. While this is transpiring, the hunters sit alongside their pickups, drinking coffee, telling wolf-and-bull stories and reveling in the cacophony of a pack of hounds hot on the scent. "That is the real reason we are here," says burly Earl Needham. "The sounds and the hounds."

The hero of this melodrama set to music is, of course, the noble wolf, and no one respects the tawny reddish animal more than Earl Needham. "He is the galliest critter and the smartest critter you ever seen, and it takes a mighty smart hound dog to keep up with him," says Needham, who speaks in a wondrously clear and simple Texas twang that would have gladdened the ears of George Bernard Shaw. "You could live on a acre of land with a wolf family for years and years and you'd never even know they was there." One reason is that the wolf does not hunt near his den, lest he give away the whereabouts of his defenseless

pups. Says Needham: "Sometimes I'll get a call from some rancher that wolves is chewing up his turkeys or his sheep, and will I come out with my hounds and catch him. First thing I do is I don't even bother looking for the wolf within three, four miles of that ranch. If a wolf is killing on a ranch, that means his den is nowhere near."

At one point, several red wolves got it into their heads that when Needham loaded his hunting dogs into his truck and drove off into the night the safest place to be was right there at the camp house, the jumping-off spot. "I'd come back from huntin' all night, without a sign of any wolf, and my dogs'd be all whipped out, and we'd find wolf tracks all around the camp house. While we was off huntin' 'em, them scouns was back there tryin' to dig under the fence and get the dogs' dinner."

Professional federal trappers find the red wolf so canny that they sometimes have to resort to complex doublethink to kill particularly experienced specimens. Gone are the days when the simple No. 4 trap could be trusted to do the job directly. For some reason unknown to the federals, red wolves will sniff out a baited trap and dig it up, like sappers. Or they let the trap alone and make scratch marks all around it, as though to point out the danger to less intelligent wolves. "How we catch some of them is to set a trap in front of a trap," says Hinton Bridgewater of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "We set one trap and let it stay there for weeks, in the rain and the sun and everything, till it becomes a very natural trap. We don't bait it and you can't even tell it's there. Then we go in and make a perfectly obvious set with another trap a few feet away, and now the wolf will come in and scratch around the new trap, and he gets caught in the old one. But some of them are even too smart for that trick. Wouldn't surprise me if someday we'll need a trap in front of a trap in front of a trap. You've got to keep thinking where red wolves are concerned."



It is this adaptability, this extrasensory survival instinct, that makes the red wolf so formidable a quarry. Even when 40 or 50 hounds jump a wolf, the odds remain strongly in the wolf's favor. "Some people say the dogs has the same chance the wolf has," says Needham, "but experience has showed that's just not true." The wolves will sometimes relay the dogs. With the pack in hot pursuit, a second wolf will cut across the trail and take the whole pack of hounds with him. After an hour or so at a 15- to 20-mile-an-hour pace, the second wolf will hand the pack back to the first wolf, now well rested. After four or five hours of this, the hounds will be so exhausted that they will lose all chance of making a kill. Sometimes three or four wolves will separate a hound from the pack and make a kill of their own, first nipping the dog's hamstring to immobilize him and then applying the coup de grace to the dog's throat.

A smart wolf will run straight for a hole in a barbed-wire fence in the dead of night; the hounds will come caterwauling up, slam into the barbed wire, then waste time trying to find the hole. In the meantime, the wolf has come back through the fence via another hole. Wolves even have learned to run along the highway, a most unnatural place for so wild an animal. The pavement does not hold scent as well as brush, and auto fumes make it hard for the hounds to pick up what little scent there is. Wolves will run through herds of cattle, confusing the issue still more, or take a shortcut through a backyard, mixing scents with the local watchdogs.

To the eternal consternation of those who like to order nature into lists of good animals and bad, the red wolf is impossible to pigeonhole, a living organism as full of conflicting and apparently contradictory impulses as the most neurotic business executive who ever got off the train at Burlingame or Kenilworth. For one thing, the murderous wolf is one of nature's noblest family men. Wolves mate for life and den in old armadillo holes, or in sandstone or limestone bluffs, stumps of trees, even in abandoned beaver dams. During the daytime the mother stays with the whelps while the father alternately snoozes and watches for danger from the nearest hilltop vantage point. At night the family hunts. At first, when the pups are small, mother and father make kills, stuff themselves to the ears with fresh meat, then return and disgorge it in neat piles for the whelps. Hunters once found 150 pounds of such slightly used beef at a den in southern California. When the young are a few months old, the parents take them out for hunting lessons, teaching them how to bring down small game, one pup going for the neck, the other for the hind legs. For two or three years, until full-grown, the young wolves hunt with their parents. The family that preys together stays together.

Our human woman-chasing wolves come well by their names. The male wolf has an exceptionally strong sex drive, and before his lifetime mate has arrived on the scene, he will sometimes go prospecting among the young ladies of the

nearest domestic canine community. In Red River County in northeast Texas the offspring of one of these clandestine trysts had all the physical characteristics of a wolf but the head of a bulldog. Wolves have been known to break into shacks housing female dogs in heat, spend long happy hours under the Texas moon and leave their female friends with gaudy, purple memories. Earl Needham knows a man who mated a wolf with a black and tan, a hound dedicated with every fibre of its being to the slaughter of wolves. The offspring was a house divided. "He didn't know whether to hunt himself," says Needham, "or hunt himself?"

Needham's own wolf dogs come in all shapes and sizes, for the test of a wolf dog is not his pedigree but whether, when the issue is joined, the hound will tangle willingly with the slashing teeth of a wolf. As Needham puts it, "Some hunters won't use anything but a registered dog; the pedigree got to be three feet long. But that paper don't run that wolf. Trial and error is what you use till you got the right dog. I've used all kinds of hounds: Walkers, Julys, blue ticks, Triggs, black and tans, Goodmans and what we call 'potlickers,' mixed breeds. They cost me about \$150 apiece, and if I get one good dog out of every couple dozen I buy I figure I'm lucky."

Wolf dogs are trained and treated like scholarship athletes at UCLA. Needham's own pack runs from 15 dogs up; the number is always changing, because hounds are killed by wolves and new dogs are brought in and others die when they get to be about 6, old age for a working wolf hound. Needham has no stomach for training his own dogs, he has found the necessary techniques too offensive to his own gentle nature. "The way they train dogs to fight wolves," he says, "is they'll catch coyotes in traps and they'll tie the coyotes' mouths, which is cruel, and I've never been able to do anything like that in my life. Then they'll turn the coyote loose and let the young dogs catch him and kill him. When the dogs learn how to do that, they'll let one coyote go without his mouth being tied, and then the dogs'll learn a little more. They get some of those hounds so highly trained they'll tear through a screened wire so they can get at a wolf."

After a dog has learned how to hunt wolves, he must be kept in shape, like any other athlete, and the only way to keep him in shape is to keep him running wolves. "It's like trainin' a fighter to fight," says Needham. "You got to have those dogs hard as arm to catch wolves. So you got to hunt 'em. They won't exercise, and if you don't hunt 'em for a few weeks they get fat and sloppy and short in the wind." The discerning reader already will have noted a strong similarity between wolf hounds and baseball pitchers, in matters other than appearance. Both can function like machines so long as they keep in motion, but as soon as they stop for any appreciable length of time they stiffen up and become useless. Fay Autry, a county commissioner in east Texas, learned this the painful way and is still paying a stiff price in smart remarks by his friends. Autry's dogs had spent four hours catching a wolf and working it over, and

*continued*

now the animal was presumed dead. Autry had roped the wolf and dragged it out of the brush when he noticed that one of his dogs was lagging behind as though injured. He let go of the wolf to administer to the dog, and when he turned around the "dead" wolf was gone. Not one of the dogs in the pack had deigned to give chase. "They were so tired and sore," said the rueful Autry, "that they wouldn't even look for the trail." Needham had a similar experience. A wolf, certified dead by a coroner's jury of wolf hunters, was pitched over a barbed-wire fence toward Needham. "That wolf came down on his four feet and took right off into the cedar brush," Needham recalls. "Lucky I had one big old dog left with enough energy to go catch him again. The rest of my hounds had cooled out."

Also like major league pitchers, wolf hounds are expected to perform as specialists, not as all-round stars. Their job is to find, chase and kill wolves, and nothing else but wolves. And if their attention wanders off to other forms of wildlife, they are sent back to the minors. To chase anything but wolves is called "trashing," and a dog that "trashes" is subjected to stiff punishment. "A lot of hunters will whup the whey out of a dog that trashes," says Needham, "and I've even known 'em to shoot their own dogs in the tail with a light load of No. 7 shot from a .410. It's like a sharp spray, but the noise scares 'em, and pretty soon they learn that they're gonna get hurt if they open on anything but a wolf trail."

As if the poor hound dog doesn't have enough problems, he is expected to follow a code of ethics as strict and inflexible as the rules for admission to the Junior League. "Silent trailing," for example, is a major breach of the code. A silent trailer will jump a wolf track and go off in quiet pursuit, single-o, leaving the pack far behind. If he catches up to the wolf, he won't be able to make the kill alone and may well pay the supreme penalty for his rashness. The proper behavior for a dog that cuts a wolf's trail is to bark bloody murder, thus bringing the whole pack into the chase and improving the odds. The converse of the silent trailer is the dog that begins barking just for the sheer dizzy joy of being out in the country of a pleasant evening. "We call this kind of dog a bubbler," says Needham. "He shoots off his mouth for nothin' and drags the whole rest of the pack with him."

But the ultimate offense against the code of the hunt is the dog that gets too smart, the so-called "cutting dog." "He'll chase that wolf with the rest of the pack for a while," says Needham, "till he figures out the pattern the wolf's runnin' in. Wolves usually run in circles, five or six miles around, and they keep passin' the same checkpoints over and over again during the race. Now this smart dog'll dope this out, and he'll find a spot where the wolf is crossin' and lay there waitin' for him, and when that wolf comes by the dog'll take out after him ahead of the pack. Now we consider that downright unfair. We try to make the race equal to all the dogs, and this cuttin' dog is cheatin' because he's not makin' the whole race. So we get rid of him."

Wolf hunters can tell exactly what's going on during a hunt by the sounds made by their dogs, by what they call the dog's "mouth." "We got all kinds," Needham says, "and you just have to learn to tell 'em apart, one by one. We got dogs that on a cold trail they may be bawlin', squallin' and squallin'. Then they get on up there close to that wolf and they'll begin to chop a little bit, shorter barks. They're changin' their mouth now, and you can tell from this how things are goin'. Course, there's different mouth dogs—some of them are squallin' mouth dogs till they start runnin', but a squallin' mouth dog don't usually give as much mouth when he starts to runnin' a wolf. There's chop mouth, coarse mouth, fine mouth, horn mouth that sounds like a horn, and bawlin' dogs. We got a dog that's a goose-mouth dog and another one is a turkey-mouth dog: talk, talk, talk, talk, like a old turkey gobbler. We got dogs with high screamin' mouths that gives a lot of mouth, very loud, and they scare a wolf and make 'em move out and tare themselves. When my dogs take out after a wolf, I can tell each dog and what he's doing and what his mouth means. You get to know 'em. It's just like you listenin' to a crowd of people and you can recognize different voices."

The *mise en scene* of this vigorous listening activity is about an hour's drive, at presidential speed, westward out of Houston. Flatonia lies at a point where the arid sections of south Texas, the blacklands of east Texas and the gently rolling sand-and-clay hills of north central Texas all come together. Most of this land is barren, inimical to life, and yet certain forms of flora and fauna brazen it out: post oaks, mesquite, cactus, bobcats, roadrunners, wolf hunters. Once longhorn cattle roamed free here, but then the longhorns died away and the country was chopped into small, harshly demanding farms. During the Depression people began leaving for the big cities; the trend has never stopped, and now hundreds of these submarginal farms have been abandoned and turned back into range for the kind of cattle Earl Needham raises and sells: "hoopies," mixed breeds, scrawny animals of the second rank. One comes across deserted homes rotting into the ground, old dipping vats rusting away, bare spots in the woods where a pot and a patterned stand of oaks and a cistern are all that remain of a homestead. Here and there an elderly couple will be hanging on, running out their strings on social security and occasionally calling on Earl Needham to catch a wolf that has been chewing on their chickens and turkeys and lambs.

With *homo sapiens* slowly vanishing from the landscape, wildlife has moved back in. Wildcats and gophers abound, blackbirds blot out the sun in flights of tens of thousands, roadrunners and larks and hawks wheel about. The armadillo, once a rare sight, considers the area around Flatonia to be his Levittown and provides the wolf with a steady staple of diet. Sometimes hunters will find as many as 50 vacant armadillo shells around wolf dens. But few men share the wolf's enthusiasm for the flavor of the "poverty pig." Says Hunter Bill Stulting: "We barbecued an armadillo once, but it was a old one and the longer I chewed it the

*continued*



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bigger it got. I threw it away." On wolf hunts at night one sees armadillos gnawing away at roots in the fields; they look like miniature knights of yore all dressed for the lists but, unlike knights, they are easily frightened. Sometimes their first reaction to danger is a jump straight up in the air, right out of the Terrytoons, followed by a 50-yard dash that would do credit to Bob Hayes.

**A**n east Texas wolf hunt in this bizarre setting will begin, like as not, at Needham's camp house, a ramshackle structure outside of town, where all the boys and their individual packs of hounds will convene around dusk. While the dogs wait nervously in the pens outside, the hunters stake up on wolf hunters' stew, coffee and badinage. Wolf hunters' stew is a thick, bubbling mixture of potatoes, carrots, celery, meat, corn, onions, black pepper and "chili pateens," which are tiny wild peppers that may someday find their proper niche in industry, replacing such relatively mild substances as pyrosulphuric acid and sodium hydroxide. A hunter who has lined his stomach with chili pateens ("Don't ask me how to spell pateens," says Cook Lester Gosch. "I don't think it's ever been spelt") need never fear the cold on the range. "He may be freezin' to death," says Needham, "but he won't know it." Also useful is the gallon pot of coffee that is made first at the camp house and then trundled all night from campfire to campfire by the hunters. "A wolf hunt runs on coffee," explains Bill Stulting. "We

heat it and reheat it, and by morning we have to chew it."

The long dinner in the camp house is as much a part of the hunt as the race itself. The hunters sit around and talk in the traditional manner of men without women, trading intimacies, walking the thin line between hostility and affection, and ragging one another now and then to show how bold they dare to be with their friendships.

"I bet you never take a bath."

"Never take a bath? I take three baths a day!"

"Man, you must be a dirty s.o.b.!"

Fay Autry likes to ride Needham about his hounds. "You got dogs that'll buy farm girls, I swear!" Autry says, while everybody laughs at Needham's feigned discomfort.

"Them ain't wolf hounds," says Stulting. "Them's armadiller dogs."

**T**o any but close friends, these insinuations about the dogliness of a man's pack would be fighting words, but these men are old hunting partners, and no blood is drawn. Soon the hour, the wind and the temperature are deemed correct, and the hunters file out, load their pickups with hounds and listen to Commander in Chief Earl Needham's final words of advice, spoken in a pure Texas idiom: "Y'all go to whar you blowed the siren the other night, Carl, you know whar you blowed the other night? We goin' up to Ernie Bee's and listen. I'm just gonna go back in on that hill so if they howl I can turn loose on 'em. And y'all'll know whar we at if we don't come down outa there now?" In a cloud of exhaust fumes the convoy of dog-carrying trucks takes off into the black Texas night, and another wolf hunt is on. Tall dawn it continues, like a battle, with Needham deploying his troops, reassembling his dogs, sending his hunters far up backcountry roads to sound their "sirens" and occasionally joining them all around a campfire, there to chew some coffee and some fat. Observing this frustrating night, when not a wolf is heard or seen but only miles and miles of wolf tracks that might have been made by phantoms, an outsider gets the impression that the prospect of executing a wild animal is just a peg to hang the evening on, a Texas way of staying up all night with the boys and getting away with it.

Soon the excuse may be gone. Civilization, that implacable enemy of hunter and hunted alike, is approaching Flatonix: a freeway is inching across from San Antonio to Houston, and Earl Needham reckons that it will pass "right behind my dog pen." Nothing would kill wolf hunting faster than an uncrossable modern turnpike. Earl talked to the authorities about this encroachment on his constitutional right to foray all over the country in search of the red wolf, "and I told them they're agonna have to build them a underpass for my dogs to run." Then, with the look of a stubborn old Texan digging in for a long range war, Needham added: "Yes sir, that's all they are to it!" With his code of ethics, his faithful hound dogs and his chili pateens all going for him, Needham would seem to be the favorite. **END**



## All Aboard, Thermals Going Up

At the U.S. soaring championships a famed cartoonist learned some new ways to fly a tired old airplane

by BILL MAULDIN

Soaring is the only real form of sporting aviation in the world today," calmly states a brochure of The Soaring Society of America, Inc. Members of the Society point out that soaring is to motorboating, the difference being between outsmarting the elements—using their own strength against them in a sort of meteorological jujitsu—and simply battering your way through them in a welter of exhaust fumes.

"If you want more vivid symbolism," says Richard Miller, a West Coast sailplane addict whose friend and fellow Californian, Paul Bickle, holds the world's soaring altitude record of 46,267 feet, "you could say it is the difference between winning over a dame with delicate flattery or with a sock full of sand."

Hoping to learn more about all this, I set out on a recent Friday in my vintage Bonanza, which develops 225 raging hp on takeoff and perhaps half that at cruise, thereby delivering what must be technically called powered flight, and headed for McCook, Neb. in the rolling country halfway between Omaha and Denver, where the National Soaring Championships were in their fourth day. I was a hot, bouncy, stomach-wrenching tip across the Central Plains, and halfway there I spent time nervously, probing for a passage through a stalled line of thunderstorms perpendicular to my route, finally being forced to detour 300 miles around them, so that the shadows



BILL MAULDIN

were long by the time I arrived at the contest site, an old B-29 base northwest of McCook.

"I suppose this sort of weather is just great for soaring purposes," I said to the contest director, Major Ed Butts Jr., of Twin Falls, Idaho, as I massaged the kinks out of my spinal column against a corrugated hangar door.

"Weak near the ground but line aloft," he said. "Upper winds SSE at 22 knots, thermal height to 13,000, cloud bases 11,000, surface 100°. Not bad. We sent 'em out on a free-distance task today."

He explained that there are three objectives, or "tasks," in a championship meet: speed along a predetermined course, speed and distance, also on a course, and free distance, in which the

pilot is completely on his own as to direction, the idea being simply to land farther from the starting point than anybody else. Each morning Butts and the two meteorologists attending the contest, Ted Lange and Charles Chapell, huddled in deep secrecy with their charts and instrument readings and decided which task would be best served by current conditions.

Shortly after noon, 47 out of a field of 48 sailplanes had been towed aloft and cut loose by a hard-working gaggle of Supercubs and Cessnas, and by the time I arrived they were scattered over three states, most of them having landed, but some still flying. Ultimately, A. J. Smith, of Tecumseh, Mich., the 1961 national champion and leader so far in this meet, covered 282.5 miles in his V-tailed Sisu

*(continued)*



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When anybody goes over 200 miles in a free-distance task, everybody knocks off competition for the next 24 hours. The reason for the mandatory rest period is to allow the ground crews with their trailers time to deploy all over the landscape, locate their respective birds, pull their wings off and bring them back. Nowadays, I was told, recovery is made somewhat easier by the fact that most planes and crews are equipped with two-way VHF radios, which get the crews started off in the right direction, and, with luck, they can pace their man and stay in touch with him.

All through the night and most of the next day, trailers kept rumbling onto the hase with their precious planes and their red-eyed, dusty-faced crews, who were having the time of their lives.

Paul Schweizer of the Elmira, N.Y. family that is to American soaring about what Piper, Beech and Cessna combined are to powered flight, and a master of the soft sell, was spending his day of rest taking people up in one of his new two-place SGS 2-32s. I hung around until he offered me a ride. It was easily the biggest kick of my flying career. I had never been near a sailplane before and was used to flying with a wheel instead of a stick, nevertheless, the old maestro stuck me into the front seat, where the view from the bubble canopy is something like that from a Century series jet fighter, and when the towplane had gotten us six feet off the runway, he told me the controls were mine. His only admonition was to stay above the plane's prop wash and to keep the rope taut.

Now, how does one keep a towrope taut? When I saw a little slack develop, I nosed up. Sailplanes, I learned, are sensitive. My nose-up became a small zoom, and to my horror I saw that I had caused the towplane's tail to jerk up. This pointed his nose toward the ground. I quickly dove to snatch his tail back down where it belonged. The rope sagged; the towplane, momentarily relieved of its load, leaped ahead in a great, joyous bound, then was brought up shuddering at the end of the line like a fish hooked in the tail. It dawned upon me that I had more positive control over the plane ahead than its pilot, Poor devil.

In a series of jerks and snaps we got up to around 2,000 feet, whereupon the towplane waggled its wings. Paul told me this was the signal to pull the red

knob on the instrument panel that released us from the rope. The mother plane shook its tail feathers in a relieved sort of way and headed for home with its rope trailing behind.

The first thing that hits you is the silence, which is deepened rather than interrupted by the whisper of wind around the canopy, and the occasional "oil-can-ning" (from the identical sound made by a container of 3-in-1 when you squinch its sides) of the long, graceful metal wings flexing in the summer turbulence. The next thing you notice is the quality of the turbulence itself. In powered flight it is a vicious hammer beating at you. In a sailplane it is a friend trying to lift you. Now you're using nature's forces, not fighting them.

I'm afraid I didn't use them very well. With beginner's luck, I stumbled into the only really good thermal for miles around. Then there was a little humpiness, and our rate of ascent slowed.

"Don't lose it! Circle in it!" Paul is a quiet man, but there was an urgency in his voice. "Bend it right around! Thermals will always throw you out if you let them."

My trouble is that I am a very sedate airplane driver, having had more than my share of rides in the past with hot-rock pilots. I rolled the Schweizer into perhaps 20°, when what we needed was more like 45° or 50°, and in no time at all we were thrown completely out of our magic column of rising air and were floundering around like everyone else.

"Come on," Paul coaxed from the back seat. "You can find it again."

By golly, I did, and this time I turned the beautiful bird over on its wing up with a fine sense of derring-do, applied a bit of back pressure on the stick and waited for the resultant G-force to pin me gently down into the seat. Instead, there was a sickening feeling of sliding sideways. I looked at the little skid-and-ship half on the panel and saw that I had almost hurled it out of its curved glass tube.

"Sailplanes," said the patient voice from behind, "are very responsive to coordination." What a tactful way to tell a pilot he's forgotten how to use his rudder pedals! The average-powered plane today handles so nicely with ailerons alone that you get into the habit of tooling along with your feet on the floor. As I stopped around, the thermal threw us out again, once again we found it. We

sailed exhilaratingly on up a mile or so high into the clear Nebraska sky until the climb needle told us we had reached the top floor of this particular ride.

Wings level again, we started gliding back toward the base. Under no-lift, no-wind conditions the average sailplane can traverse more than six miles for every thousand feet of altitude. Paul took the controls as we entered the airport landing pattern. I used to think that soaring must involve some continual anxiety about where you're going to land. Now, as Paul gently and gracefully touched down, I discovered that you really don't worry at all.

Sunday, the fifth contest day, started with a pilots' briefing at 9:30 a.m. The day's task was a speed run to Oberlin, Kans., 33½ miles south, and back. The thermometer was on its way to 108°, which should have produced fine thermals, but there was a temperature inversion at 6,500 feet that kept the skies clear and weakened the lift considerably. A nice day for a power pilot, with little turbulence. In fact, this was the condition more often than not throughout the meet, which meant that the planes with the lightest wing loadings and lowest sink ratios, such as the German Ka-6s, which are noted for staying up on a puff of cigarette smoke, made out very well indeed. I was told that the sort of weather prevailing at McCook during the meet brings in an appreciable element of luck, since the thermals which do exist are not capped by the usual telltale cumulus puffs. The result is that even before they have released themselves from the tow-plane the lift-hungry pilots start anxiously scanning the sky, and when they spot a buoyard, a hawk or another sailplane soaring happily upward, they converge upon him like charter fishing boats when a cove league has made a strike.

In this blistering Sunday there was a thermal rising from the shiny, white, concrete airport ramp, and at one time I counted 15 planes chasing each other's tails in a cylindrical formation that couldn't have been more than 300 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height. The lowest craft was perhaps 1,200 feet high. It was one of the most beautiful and graceful sights I've ever seen marred only by wonder that they didn't collide, since their wings were almost overlapping. The only rule in this intensely competitive game of thermal-swapping seems to be that everybody has to circle in the

*continued*

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same direction as the guy who found it first. (On the following Wednesday a pair of wings finally did overlap, in the only accident of the meet. John Bierens, of Oearborn, Mich. sliced four feet from the left wing tip of a Skylark 4, flown by Gileo Giannelli of New York City, with the leading edge of his Ka-6's right wing while they were "thermaling" in a tight right-hand spiral at 4,000 feet above the ground. Both landed safely.)

I spent some time on the starting ramp for Sunday's event, staying under the meager shade of the contestants' wings as much as possible. Keeping the pilots cool while they waited in their tiny cockpits under the blazing sun was a real problem for the crews. Here and there a devoted wife would hold an umbrella over her tiger with one hand and feed him iced tea with the other. The tight-fitting plexiglass canopies, which are aerodynamic necessities, were kept off until the last possible moment before launch, then quickly clapped on and their edges sealed with plastic tape for the last bit of smoothness. Of course, the temperature inside would skyrocket instantly, and during the few seconds before his speed would get up and his ventilators would start working you could see the flush start climbing a pilot's neck and face like fluid in a thermometer. I saw several take off with plastic tubes, leading to various coolants stashed around the cockpit, firmly clenched between their teeth as if they meant to keep them there for the duration.

Eventually I found myself taking

shelter under the wing of N6390X, a lovely Sisu-1A. Seven of these expensive, elegant, little sailplanes have been built by Arlington Aircraft of Greenville, S.C. Six were at the meet, and they are considered the highest-performance production soaring planes in the world. Standing beside this aural dreamboat was an even prettier woman, tenderly wrapping a cold, wet towel around the head and jaws of her husband, Gleb Oerujinsky, a New York fashion photographer. (That gives a hint of the broad spectrum of people addicted to soaring. The six members of the Nebraska Soaring Association, which hosted this meet, are Leonard Boyd, a plumber and heating contractor; Oon Morgan, a physician; Bruce Snyder, an orthodontist; Milt Johnson, a railroad engineer; John Herrmann, a mortician; and John Aliberg, a pharmacist.)

#### Farwell, up and away

"By, by, dear," said Ruth Oerujinsky, clapping a sombrero over Gleb's towel-swathed head and setting the canopy in place to be secured by Harvey Greele, their crew chief, and Peter Van Oyk Berg, a teen-age friend of the Oerujinskys, who had come along from the East with a friend, Rick Calhoun, to work in the crew. Rick had disappeared in the direction of the soft-drink stand, and I took his place. We waited until Gleb had completed his lunch and made his official start by passing through the timing "gate," a sort of imaginary but strictly observed rectangle almost a mile wide and 3,000 feet high (I had learned that

the higher you pass through the better your start will be), then we all piled into the chase car with a radio antenna sticking out of the roof, a tub of iced pop and beer in the trunk and the empty 28-foot trailer behind, and roared off in a cloud of sand for the main highway to the south. Gleb's objective was to fly directly to Oberlin, doing whatever circling and thermaling was necessary to stay aloft, and return to the base in as little time as possible. If he should have to come down en route, our objective was to pick him up.

"The ideal recovery," said Harvey Greele, who was driving, "is to know your man and his plane so well that when the last puff of lift has expired and he has to set it down in somebody's south 40, he finds you there waiting for him."

With four dozen planes in the air, all on one VHF channel, the chatter was constant and sometimes hilarious. Also, it could be deceptive. Like sailing, it attracts highly skilled and competitive people, and soarsers, like sailors, are as outthroat under way as they are clubby ashore. Rule: never believe what comes over a rival's radio. The man nipping at your heels might sadly tell his crew to get ready to pick him up at such-and-such an intersection. You relax, and after a while he shoots past 2,000 feet above, nose down and headed for the finish line. Only the ground crews themselves seem to know when their own pilots are serious and when they're hollering wolf.

"I'm three miles south of McCook right over the highway. Good strong lift here, fellas," one pilot called. Sardonic chuckles were heard over the radio.

"That means we'll pass him in a hayfield," Ruth predicted, and sure enough, we did.

"This is 90 X ray," Gleb's voice called as we passed through Cedar Bluffs, halfway between McCook and Oberlin.

"Go ahead, 90 X ray," Ruth answered.

"I'm turning over Oberlin at 7,000 feet and still climbing."

Ruth and Harvey let out a war whoop. By the time we got the car and trailer turned around Gleb had streaked over us, home bound at 9,000 feet. Not only was he a cinch to make it back, but he was pretty sure to be running in the money.

As we headed back for the base at a more leisurely pace (our outbound speed had been around 70 mph), we continued monitoring the radio. Not everybody was doing so well. One pilot kept telling



THE WIFE OF A CONTESTANT REFRESHES HER TIGER WITH SODA AND A LITTLE SHADE

his crew he was almost down, and would give them the location, then he'd get a hopeful little puff of lift and try to get back into the race. Five minutes later, he'd be giving them a new spot at which to pick him up. After this had been repeated three times, one of the long-suffering crew announced over the radio, "We're passing a store. We're going to stop for a quick beer."

"Negative beer! Negative beer!" the pilot exploded. "You stay with me, you hear?"

As our jubilant little crew pulled onto the air base somebody told us Gleb was going to place second for the event, having been beaten slightly by A. J. Smith, also a Stiv pilot, who had led three of the four days so far. This turned out to be optimistic. Gleb was eighth in the Oberlin speed run. (Also, it was Smith's next-to-last day in the lead. Dick Johnson, the six-time champion, squeaked by to win the meet, while Smith dropped to third place. Gleb's final standing in the meet was 16th.)

Thinking he was No. 2, we hurried up to congratulate our man, arriving on the ramp in time to see him skimming off the ground on a fresh turn. Gleb whipped the car around, and once again we dragged the trailer off in a great cloud of dirt, heading south.

"Maybe he doesn't believe he did as well as they told us," Roth said, "but, in any case, it won't jeopardize his score to try again for better time. You can always pick your best score out of any number of tries before nightfall."

Outbound this time, we began to pass sailplanes resting in fields on both sides of the road. Some had come down on their first try, others had been simply trying, like Gleb, to do better. These landings invariably created great interest on the part of passing motorists, who usually assumed they were witnessing the forced landing of a conventional airplane, and were anxious to help the stricken aviator.

There seems to be a perennial story in soaring circles about the pilot who lands in a pasture an hour or so ahead of his crew, and removes the wings and tail by himself to occupy his time and facilitate recovery. Just as he completes the dismantling, the landowner makes the scene, shakes his head, and says, "Good Lord, man, you were lucky to walk away from that one."

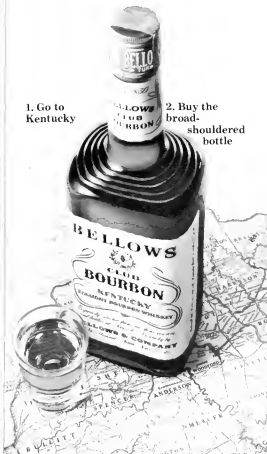
This time our boy, Gleb, didn't make

continued

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it. As we were passing south through Cedar Bluffs, he told us over the radio that he was landing in a hayfield five miles north of Oberlin. He gave us an exact description of the barn and crossroads he was using as a fix. Fracturing a couple of speed limits, we made all haste to the spot. No Gleb. We stopped, had a beer, and noted that the car was boiling.

"You know," said Ruth, "Gleb always was a casual navigator. I'll bet he's five miles north of Cedar Bluffs instead of Oberlin."

Harvey seemed to remember a barn and crossroads at that location, so we tore back that way.

"90 X ray, 90 X ray, are you still in the air, by any chance?" Ruth asked the microphone.

"Of course I'm still in the air," her husband snarled back, loud and clear. "Where have you been?"

"Never mind us," she said sweetly, "just stay again where you are."

"Why, I'm five miles south of Cedar Bluffs, where I said. There's a barn and a crossroads . . ."

"We're on our way, 90 X ray."

We got there and thought we saw him circling above, but it was someone else.

"This is 90 X ray. Hurry up, will you? I'm almost down, and I don't see you. There's a barn and . . ." He must have dropped behind a hill, cutting off his transmission.

We found him in a stubble field just north of Cedar Bluffs, puffing on a cigar and chatting with a pair of amiable old gentlemen in Bermuda shorts who had stopped by the roadside and come to rescue him. Gleb was clearly disappointed in his crew. He had done everything but send up flares to help us find him, hadn't he? A beer made him feel better, then we all pitched in, took the Sisu apart, stowed it and drove back to the base, with the car still simmering furiously and the temperature needle headed for the peg. Gleb couldn't have cared less. A yachting type to the core, he would have strangled anybody who put a scratch on his hull, but gasoline engines no longer interested him.

Flying home a couple of days later behind my own engine, I discovered that a

subtle thing had happened to me. The trip back was just as rough as it had been coming out, and the old Bonanza was riding like an old Buck, converting bumps into soggy swoops and zooms. Then I hit one of those prairie thermals that used to make my palms sweat as I fought it. I looked down. The hot air was obviously rising from a farm field directly below. The rate-of-climb needle oscillated wildly between 500 and 1,500 feet per minute. Instead of grunting my teeth and plowing on through, just for the hell of it, I rolled into a tight turn. With the wings slicing the updraft at this new angle, the bucking stopped, the engine settled into a muffled, puzzled mutter that I'd never quite heard before, and I found myself magically and smoothly going up at a rate that made my ears pop.

Five minutes later and 6,000 feet higher, I took up my course again. That thermal had been worth a couple of quarts of gasoline to me. It was a long way home, with lots more big bumps, and I don't remember ever having had so much fun driving an airplane. **END**



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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

**AMERICAN LEAGUE** Last June cocky right-hander Dean Chance of the Los Angeles Angels (4-1) marched into General Manager Fred Haney's office and demanded a raise. Chance was sporting a modest 5-5 record at the time, as Haney was quick to point out, but when Chance indicated he would rather fight than pitch, Haney upped the pitcher's salary to \$18,000. Preso! Since the raise, Chance has won 12 of 13 games. Last week he shut out the Yankees with a neat four-hitter, lowering his ERA to 1.61. Chance is now easily in range of a 20-win season and should he make it, he says he will ask for \$50,000 next year. Fred Haney is bracing himself. Chance is not the only Angel bucking for a raise. The whole pitching staff allowed just 11 runs, and Joe Adcock hit 417 with three home runs and seven RBIs. The Angels took two out of three from the Yanks, and then they promptly turned around and beat Baltimore (2-3). For the Orioles, all was not well. The pitching was generally tight, but only Milt Pappas, who pitched a 10-strikeout one-hitter, and Wally Bunker got win in Baltimore hitters produced just eight runs all week. The Chicago White Sox (3-1) took advantage of the Orioles' slump to climb within a percentage point of first place. Two of the Sox wins were shutouts, but the biggest victory came on an unusual display of muscle when Pete Ward and Bill Skowron hit back-to-back homers to beat the Indians in the 10th inning. Meanwhile, the New York Yankees (3-2) kept creeping back toward the top. Except for a slump in their two losses to the Angels, the Bombers were bombing with 22 runs in the three wins, enough to pull them within three games of first. Dick Radatz and Felix Mantilla were the whole show for the ailing Red Sox (2-3). The Monster received a win and a save to figure in both victories, while Man-

tilla led the offense with a .455 BA and four home runs. Harmon Killebrew was back hitting homers for the Minnesota Twins (4-2). He slugged three more and now has 45 for the year with a league-leading 102 RBIs. The Twins' pitchers were good too, throwing three four-hitters and a five-hitter on consecutive days. KANSAS CITY'S (2-4) Charlie Finley hired an armored truck and two guards on motorcycles, filled the truck with 300 silver dollars and stationed the whole works just beyond the left-field fence, waiting for Rocky Colavito to bat his 300th home run. Each time Rocky came to bat, the guards jumped on their cycles, ready to roar up to home plate to deliver the loot, but by week's end, Rocky was still waiting. The CLEVELAND Indians (3-2) received shut-out pitching in two games, but blew a chance to move into fifth place when they could not hold a 5-4 lead in the 10th inning of the week's final game. Three-hit shutouts by Dave Wickensham and Mickey Lolich provided the Detroit Tigers (2-2) with their only wins. The WASHINGTON Senators (0-5) were an opposing pitchers' delight, failing to score in three games and coming up with only five runs all week.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE** The St. Louis Cardinals (4-2) are making a belated bid (less convincingly than last year) to get into the World Series. With red-hot hitting (.279 team average), the Cards, who almost stole the pennant away from the Dodgers in 1963 with a 19-for-20 streak in August and September, moved up to third place with clutch hitters Dick Groat (.375) and Ken Boyer (.348) doing the heavy work. Boyer, who was the first National Leaguer to drive in 100 runs this year, got No. 100 on a game-winning, ninth-inning homer which pulled the Cards past the Giants. SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) dropped to fourth with nary a

quack out of lame-duck Manager Alvin Dark. Dark was not even mildly upset by a loss to the Mets and did not bother to force a frown when fatigued Willie Mays and injured Jesus Alou were knocked out of the lineup on the same night. The final blow to the Giants' pennant hopes may have come at week's end in PHILADELPHIA (3-2). San Francisco held a 3-1 lead going into the eighth inning, but the Giants' relief pitching could not hold the scrappy Phils. Richie Allen, Frank Thomas, Gus Truesdale and Johnny Callison came up with hits to win for the Phils. The big blow was Thomas' game-tying two-run homer. The week-hitting (192 team BA) CINCINNATI Reds (3-3) were shut out twice and needed exceptional pitching from Jim Maloney (a 12-strikeout three-hitter) and Jim O'Toole, who threw a 12-inning shutout, to avoid losing more than half a game to the Phils. Big Bob Veale recovered plenty of support to win twice by 10-2 scores as the PITTSBURGH Pirates (3-1) finally righted themselves after a two-week nose-dive. Tailenders HOUSTON and NEW YORK both won only two of six, but received strong play from veteran cast-offs. The Colts' Don Larsen pitched his first shut-out victory since 1959, and Roy McMillan sparked an offense for the Mets, handling 11 chances flawlessly in one game against the Giants, four of them truly spectacular plays. The LOS ANGELES Dodgers (3-3) got two complete-game victories from Don Drysdale, the only front liner left on the staff, but needed five pitchers to eke out their only other win. In a three-game series with the Reds, the CHICAGO Cubs (2-3) allowed just three runs and still lost twice because the hitters (.215 BA) could not support tight pitching by Ernie Broglio and Bob Buhl. The MILWAUKEE Braves (3-3) scored 32 runs, but the pitching was so erratic they could not halt a skid to sixth.



RICCO CARTY: MOST "HOPPY" FELLA

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Milwaukee Outfielder Rico Carty has just one ambition: he simply wants to be "hoppy." It looks like the 25-year-old Dominican has already reached his goal, because right now he has every reason to be the hoppiest player in the National League. Carty came up to the Braves this spring after vouching from boxing to baseball and having four outstanding seasons in the minors as a catcher and second baseman. The Braves were already well supplied at those positions, so Manager Bobby Bragan moved Carty to the outfield. Since his fielding was, at best, amazing, Rico sat on the bench, waiting for a ticket to Medville. But one day in June, Carty got a chance to play and made his

mark with a two-run homer in his first game. He has not stopped hitting since. His fielding, thanks to the constant anointments of Manager Bragan, has so improved that his adoring fans, who congregate in the left-field bleachers, compare him to Henry Aaron, the King. The comparison is an apt one. Last week, as Carty hit .524, he pulled his season's average up to .327, second best in the National League and one point better than Aaron—but remember, hitting coach and hero. Although not quite as powerful as Aaron, Carty has the same kind of quick wrists with which to snap his bat. He hits all sorts of pitches in all fields—and hard. He has already flicked those wrists for 23 doubles and 16 homers—the kind of hitting which makes both Rico and all of Milwaukee very hoppy.



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## YANKS AGAINST THE WALL

Sirs:

It's about time to tell the truth about this year's edition of the *New York Yankees*. William Leggett in his *They Went and Got 'Em* (Aug. 31) does it. The Yanks are just bad this year.

LARRY GARDEN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Just because the Yankees are in sort of a slump, it doesn't mean you have to criticize them so much. It would be different if they were a bad team, but they're not. They have been champions for almost 50 years, and have produced some of the greatest players in the history of baseball.

You wrote that "Mantle hobbled to the plate and weakly popped out." What do you expect the man to do—hit a home run every time he's up? Of course, Mickey hobbled out, his legs are weak. But Mantle is the kind of guy who tells his manager he can play even when he's hurt, because he wants to help the team.

You also wrote that "the relief pitching was inadequate when Berra dared to use it." Maybe that was because Stafford, Reniff and Hamilton all had sore arms. It got so Yogi had to use his usual starters for relief duties. Every team has injuries, you know.

Even the best of us make mistakes. Maybe Yogi Berra isn't the greatest manager, but give the guy a chance. I doubt if other Yankee fans appreciate your article any more than I do.

RACHAEL POLACHEK

Schenectady

## WOMEN AT WORK

Sirs:

After reading your article *A Champion Conquers a Kansas Sea Breeze* (Aug. 31) it certainly is hard to figure out just who is the present U.S. Women's Amateur golf champion. For the most part, you talked about the runner-up, JoAnne Gunderson, and there is nearly a page devoted to Mrs. Welts and her problems.

I personally feel *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should give full credit to Barbara McIntire, who is the U.S. Amateur champion and is very worthy of the title.

ROGER PEDIGO

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

Hits off to expectant mother Anne Quist Welts! Fresh air and exercise have never hurt anyone, regardless of what condition she is in. And besides, her new offspring

could turn out to be quite a golfer with all that prenatal influence.

MARIA VASILIOU

Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Sirs:

We central Kansans thought the women involved in the Women's Amateur golf tourney in Hutchinson had pretty nice weather. Compare the two weeks immediately before (hot, 110° to 114°, and windy) with the week they played (cool, 70° to 75°, breezes and a light rain one day of the tournament.) Since then it really has been windy. I don't know what state Alfred Wright claims to be a native of, but here anything under 25 miles per hour is called a breeze. We think we have nice country anyway.

ARTHUR HOCH

Buhler, Kans.

## CRASH SKIPPER

Sirs:

Your article on Bill Cox of *American Eagle* (*Tense Sailor for a Toss Ship*, Aug. 31) recalls a brief time 20 years ago when I was exposed to Lieut. Bill Cox, USNR.

Bill was in command of the Navy Crash Boat School in Port Everglades, Fla. and was charged with the responsibility of turning young, green officers, most of them still not college graduates and almost all novice boat handlers, into accomplished skippers of 61-foot crash boats.

The success of Bill's efforts as a teacher, usually in a space of time measured in days or weeks, often means the saving of the life of a downed pilot or crewman. Some boats had more than 25 lives. It is certain that Bill Cox played a large role in the proud record of the Navy Air Rescue Service.

Bill Cox didn't exactly waste time, effort or words in those days either, but he ran a happy school and earned the respect of his students.

W. A. (CHIP) WARRICK JR.  
Lieutenant Commander, USNR (ret.)  
Cincinnati

## OSCAR THE HUNT

Sirs:

Compared to 6-foot-9, 240-pound James Beattie (*The Pride of Kid Galahad*, *Inc.*, Aug. 31) 5-foot-11, 203-pound Oscar Bonavena looks rusty and diminutive. However, should the two ever touch mitts on the field of combat, I dare say that Mr. Beattie will find himself gazing at the ring lights from a horizontal position on the ring floor.

Oscar, who is the hottest hunk of flesh to roar from the Pampas since Luis Firpo, has won six out of six pro fights. His latest vic-

tim was the tested old trouper from Boston, "Terrible Tom" McNeely, whom he bombed out in five bouts at the Garden.

Oscar from Argentina is a growing lad of 21, with arms as thick as an elephant's legs and hands the size of sacks of flour. As an amateur he won 46 out of 48 encounters. Oscar can punch holes through the side of a Brinks armored car and is lacking his chops for big-name talent. Don't get in his way, "Kid Galahad" Beattie.

FRANCIS FREEL

Philadelphia

## MAN-EATING GOLF

Sirs:

Congratulations to Artist Osborn for some real insight into golf (*When a Golf Course Turns on You*, Aug. 31).

LEE FRUMAN

Franklin, Mich.

Sirs:

With this 10-page-to-called satire on golf you have surpassed yourselves. Here without doubt is your biggest piece of junk ever.

The only words for it are ludicrous, ridiculous and absurd.

J. K. HILLSTROM

Detroit

Sirs:

If I didn't know that it just wasn't so, I would say that Robert Osborn must have been with me, using my eyes and reading my mind, as I hacked around our Lake Venice Golf Club during the month of August. Truly his drawings show remarkable insight.

GEORGE F. GEDDIS

Venice, Fla.

## HARMONY WHERE?

Sirs:

Here's hoping Phil Lutz plays his harmonica (SCORECARD, Aug. 31) all the way to Philadelphia. Yogi surely won't let him play it on the way home.

JOHN HOLMES

Philadelphia

Sirs:

What are the Yankees supposed to do after they lose a game (or a series)? Travel from ball park to airport dressed in sackcloth and ashes, weeping and wringing their hands?

Berra's \$200 fine of Phil Lutz for playing his harmonica at such a time was bush—strictly bush!

K. MICHAEL McLAIN

Oakland, Calif.

continued



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# 19TH HOLE

Sirs:  
Philadelphia's Cookie Rojas and Benton's  
Felix Mantilla may be champs at catching  
porkpots, but no one can beat the Yankees'  
Phil Linz at playing the harmonica!

SUNNY SHAW

Atlanta

## WHERE'S CHARLEY?

Sirs:

There is truth in what you say about the  
choosing of basketball officials at the South-  
ern Conference (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 31). It  
certainly does seem that the coaches' black-  
ball privilege is too sweeping. But beyond  
that it is apparent that the ability of Lou  
Bello and Charley Eckman is lost on most  
SC coaches.

Having seen both men work several times  
in the past few years, I share the coaches'  
reluctance to endorse them. Both officials  
try to dominate the game, to take the fans'  
attention away from the players. Bello and  
Eckman share a desire to protect the inter-  
ests of the underdog to the extent that the  
actually superior game of the favorite is se-  
verely cramped.

You are right about the coaches' author-  
ity in deciding who shall officiate. But you  
picked the wrong men to help make your  
case. If these gentlemen are two of the best  
officials in the country, heaven help the  
basketball players outside the Southern  
Conference.

M. S. MACDIARMID

Staunton, Va.

## NO DRAG

Sirs:

A fine article on Don Garlits (*Flame and  
Terror* at 200 Mph, Aug. 31). It is good to  
see him get the recognition he deserves from  
a national magazine such as yours. Garlits'  
quiet proficiency makes him the greatest in  
my book.

I hope this article will help improve the  
public with the fact that drag racing is not a  
sport merely for speed-crazy teen-agers. It  
is a sport participated in by men: nice, av-  
erage guys who like to work on cars and who  
like to put them through their paces.

JEFFREY L. FOULK

Doylstown, Pa.

Sirs:

I find that my views and your views of  
Don Garlits and drag racing differ.

Don is the A. J. Foyt of drag racing,  
where competition is fierce and most purses,  
by comparison to USAC's championship  
circuit, are tiny. Like any race driver, he is  
scared, but he doesn't show his fear. No  
professional driver jumps in place over his  
work. Like Foyt, Garlits is in racing for a  
living, whether he likes it or not.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS JR.

Indianapolis

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